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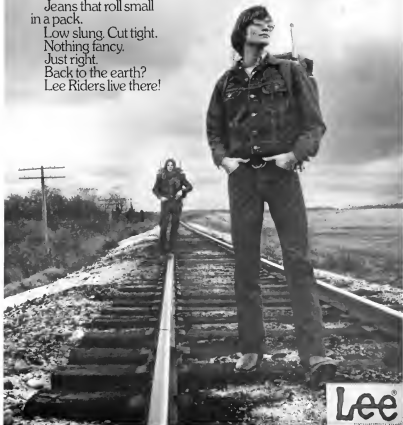
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Next week

HERO DRIVERS like Mario Andretti give Solberg one last spin as the Florida sports car classic, which introduced Fangio and Moss to America, faces extinction. Bob Jones reports.

THE SUPER SIBLINGS of hockey are Phil Esposito, Boston's gunner, and Tony Esposito, defender of the Chicago jets. They should soon meet in a Stanley Cup shoot-out.

A FLOP-FLOP to the yogi is a stunt performed by women gymnasts. The top U.S. women in a color gallery plus a story on Herb Vogel, an enthusiastic male in a female world.

This year, most of San Juan will be 450 years old.



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BOOKTALK

Two top gamesmen take a good look at the other side of the checkerboard

Were you ever mystified by the strange design on the reverse side of a checkerboard? Did you wonder why your board was accompanied by 15 checkers of each color when you need only 12 to play the game? And dice—what did they have to do with checkers?

The first time you watch backgammon, the game that is played on that dagger-point layout, you might be equally baffled. Yet, long before you learned checkers, the chances are that you played a form of backgammon—the familiar child's game called parcheesi. But backgammon is faster, more skillful and vastly more exciting. For the gambler it combines the chances of casting dice, the skill of knowing how to play the numbers that come up and the thrill of high stakes. Others can enjoy it almost as much just for the fun of beating their wives—at the game, of course.

Backgammon's origins, like those of chess, are lost in prehistory. It was already so old and so popular when played in Caesar's Rome—with three dice instead of the two used in the modern game—that the layout for *ludus duodecim scriptorum*, the 12-line game, was found in the courtyard of virtually every villa exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii.

In a splendid new volume, *The Backgammon Book* (The Viking Press, \$10), two good friends and bitter rivals at bridge, Oswald Jacoby and John Crawford, look at this fascinating game from both a historical and an instructional point of view. Their collaboration has produced a handsome volume that combines the best of illustrated histories with the simplest and clearest of instructional writing.

For antique lovers there are beautiful pictures of early backgammon boards. For the modern player who could not care less about old furniture, there are diagrams providing the best play for every one of the game's possible opening casts, as well as the recommended countermoves for many of the throws that follow.

This book should prove useful both to the beginner who has never seen the game played and to the veteran who has not yet completely mastered the use of the "doubling cube," that marvelous gadget invented by some unknown genius whereby the player who thinks he is ahead may force his opponent to play for double stakes or to resign. As a result, the player off to a bad start can get off the hook in a hurry. Or, if he accepts the double and plays on, he can hope to win twice as much should his dice turn lucky.

I can't remember a book that makes learning a new game more alluring or easier.

—RICHARD FREY

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

BREAD, GAMES AND THE "TIMES"

The farther one gets from the sports pages the less sense some newspapers have been making about *The Fight* and even about boxing in general. A couple of days after Joe Frazier became undisputed heavyweight champion *The New York Times* demanded on its editorial page that prizefighting be outlawed, with this particular bout shrilly characterized as a "bloody diversionist entertainment in terms of extravagance, irrelevance and false glamor of the declining days of past civilizations." On the opposite page was a protest by James Reston—vastly more renowned as a political pundit than as a sports expert—against the \$30 price charged in some theaters for a closed-circuit television ticket. Lowering the price, Reston urged, would have permitted more poor people to see the fight. *The Times*' two points of view do not seem to jibe.

Reston's argument on behalf of the poor fascinates us more than the ban-boxing editorial, since the latter has become a familiar and boring stance in the *Times*. He suggests that because crowds of blacks clustered around Madison Square Garden and some closed-circuit venues, unable to get in because of high prices, there may be "a question of public safety involved in this monopoly." In other words, the blacks may someday riot. Blacks have in fact rioted at times but for reasons other than the high cost of fight tickets. Reston has presented an unfair and far-fetched intimation, especially since blacks, as a group, have been among the best behaved of fight fans. Let Reston someday observe what can happen in Los Angeles when a Mexican loses a close decision or, for that matter, when a Puerto Rican loses in New York.

From a business standpoint, the high cost of fight tickets, taking inflation into account, may well have been economically necessary, and not alone because championship matches always have commanded high prices. *The Wall Street*

Journal, five days before the fight, published a long analysis of the promoters' financial prospects and cast doubt on the rosy pre-fight profit estimates by listing an extensive series of items (closed-circuit commercials between rounds, for one) that just did not pan out as revenue producers. The promoters in this case took a big and courageous gamble.

The Times naively falls for the line that network TV is "free." Beyond that, it is of course a fact not unique to our era that the poor are being priced out of luxuries. Not many indigents are to be seen buying tickets to Broadway hits or pecking up the tab at restaurants like Washington's Rive Gauche or New York's Colony.

WELFARE PROGRAM

Two years ago Jack Kent Cooke, the owner of the Los Angeles Kings, fired his coach, Red Kelly, regarded by some as the best in the sport. Last year, when Charlie Finley took over the Oakland Seals, he fired Frank Selke Jr. and Bill Torrey, two of the most knowing front-office men in hockey.

Now comes Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, talking about hockey's "have-nots" (obviously meaning the Kings and the Seals) and saying he will call for a meeting of a special committee of general managers in June in which the "haves"—Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago and New York—would seek ways to help the have-nots. The idea would be to have the haves sell players to the have-nots, thus strengthening the have-nots and weakening the haves.

The history of the situation is that Los Angeles finished second in the first year of expansion, barely losing to the Philadelphia Flyers in the West. Oakland finished in second place in the second year of expansion and made the playoffs again last year. Then came the firings. Now Oakland has the worst record in the NHL and Los Angeles is in

sixth place, ahead of only Oakland, in the West Division.

In the words of Waen Blair, general manager of the Minnesota North Stars, who came into the NHL with the Seals and Kings, Campbell's plan "would be condoning mismanagement."

ONE FOR CHILDREN'S LIS

Sign on the entrance to the International Toy Fair, presented at the New York Hilton:

NO CHILDREN ADMITTED.

OONTZ OF PREVENTION

In the throes of a reform movement, with grand juries probing gambling and vice, the city of Louisville has discovered that a game called "oontz" is illegal in Kentucky. What, Mayor Frank Burke asked, is oontz? He has received a lot of answers, all different: a form of gamecock fighting; betting on how many leaves are under a cup (a variation on the old shell game); betting on unhatched eggs (how many hens, how many roosters will result); a Japanese bean game in



which a jar of beans is spilled on a table and guesses are made as to how many there are, pitching pennies.

Some dictionaries describe oontz as a crap game. *The Dictionary of American Slang* says oontz means craps when used as a noun but the verb means "to crowd, push or force."

Mayor Burke tends to favor oontz as an Americanized term for a French card game called "Oune et deime," meaning 11½. The game is similar

continued

to the American blackjack, or "21."

Whatever the final decision, it is far to say that oontz is a word that one encounters only once in a while.

HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

I fans of the Johnstown (Ohio) Monroe High School basketball team were ecstatic as they listened to a broadcast of the game with Marion Rudgedale High. At halftime, Announcer Robert Pricer reported Johnstown leading 34-16 and, with four minutes left to play, he had it 67-27, Johnstown leading.

At this point an embarrassed Pricer informed his audience that a colleague had given him incorrect information as to the colors the teams were wearing. The score was 67-27, all right, but Johnstown was losing.

PRICKLY PROBLEM

Chances are it wouldn't make a TV Western but Arizona lawmen are busy these days chasing saguaro slammers and cactus rustlers.

For the colorful plants of the desert, life is precarious enough without galeons uprooting or shooting them. The tall (sometimes 50-foot) saguaro cactus is beset by gnawing rodents and hungry cattle, occasional frosts, air pollution and sometimes drought. The natural environment is so harsh that one saguaro may produce 12 million seeds in a century of maturity and yet fail to replace itself. Now come human enemies—sahos who slam their off-trail vehicles onto saguaros to see them topple. Or shooters who pepper the tall arms with birdshot.

The cactus rustlers are encouraged by the high prices suburban gardeners are willing to pay for ornamental desert plants. Digging up a wild cactus is illegal in Arizona but the crime continues.

Fortunately, law-abiding citizens are concerned and their children, especially, are acting as a kind of CIA (Cactus Intelligence Agency). When the kids see a cactus rustler or vandal they call the state entomologist's office, which has a radio-dispatch car. With the aid of other law agencies, the White Hats are catching plenty of the varmints spiky-handed.

OBSERVANT CITIZEN

Statistics are so terribly significant to sport that we feel obligated to report on some important trivia turned up by Mike Bradley, 16, of Warner Park, Fla.,

during the second round of the Florida Citrus Invitational golf tournament at Orlando, won by Arnold Palmer.

Bradley reports that he watched Arnie "every single second from the time he went to the first tee until he sank his last putt." During this period, says Mike, he counted 345 tugs at Palmer's pants, all by Palmer.

It was not easy, either, says Bradley, what with "dodging people and climbing over ropes. But I did it," he insists. "Never once did he leave my sight."

Arnie "went wild" on the first hole, according to Bradley, hitching his pants 50 times. He hurdled the hole. Then he stacked off and his low total was seven on the 18th, which he parred.

"There seemed to be a connection between the number of times he hitched and the kind of situation he was in," Bradley reports. "The more the pressure, the more he hitched. He's got several kinds of moves, really. Sort of a half hitch, which is when he just pulls up one side, a full hitch when he grabs both the left and right side at the same time, and then what I call a triple hitch. That's when he pulls up both sides and then tugs once at the front."

FAIR GAME

Now that the mountain lion has been killed off in New Mexico until only about 350 remain, Governor Bruce King finally has signed a bill making it illegal to kill them indiscriminately.

That accomplished, legislative debate has turned to another endangered species. The question is whether to void the state's law requiring a three-day waiting period before marriage. Senator Aubrey Dunn of Alamogordo protested.

"We have passed legislation protecting cougars, hawks, vultures and owls," he said, "and I think it's about time we protected bachelors."

SEEING-EYE PITCHER

One of Satchel Paige's little secrets has been revealed by Bill Vecek, the man who was responsible for raising him to big-league stature and is now most proud of Satch's elevation to the Hall of Fame, albeit on a special basis.

Satch, it seems, had a system of cataloging batters by the way they stood at the plate and what they did thereafter.

"Leroy seldom bothered with unimportant things like the names of his op-

ponents," Vecek recalled, "but he identified those worthy of recollection with a special mental filing system of his own. He remembered how they stood at the plate."

"We once had photographs taken from the hips down of 25 American League athletes standing in the batting box. We pointed out all possible marks of identification—socks, and so on—and showed the photographs to our pitching staff. Paige correctly identified 18 from stance alone. The next closest was six."

It paid off. According to Vecek, Joe DeMaggio got two scratch hits off Paige in 56 times at bat. Ted Williams got one in 41.

OFFICIAL EXPANSION

When the Big Ten decided to use three officials, instead of the normal two, three seasons ago, fears were expressed that the result would be a constant march to the foul lines.

Not so, according to recent statistics. There have been 2.3 fewer fouls per game than a year ago.

"More coaches are against the system than in favor of it," observes Purdue's George King, a strong advocate of the three-official game, "but ask them why and they can't give any good reason for it. These are the same coaches who say one official is too many. The game is so fast it is impossible for two officials to stay in front of the play. It is impossible to ask them to keep up with the pressing defense kids play today."

THEY SAID IT

• Fred Taylor, Ohio State basketball coach, on players whose rebellious actions have led to a number of coaching resignations: "You could put the brains of three of those guys in a hummingbird and it would still fly backwards."

• Bill Hartack on use of Butazolidin for horses: "Butazolidin was once legal in several states. Then they decided not to allow it for racing, but it's still permissible to train a horse on Butazolidin. It's almost like saying you can rob the bank if you do it before 9 a.m., but if you do it after 9 a.m. they will put you in jail."

• J.C. Sneed, winner of the Doral Open, on his days as a professional baseball player: "I hit a long ball in baseball, just like in golf, but I didn't hit it often enough."

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A PERENNIAL PROBLEM

Surely somebody is going to stop UCLA—a greedy gaggle of Bruins if ever there was one—from taking home its seventh national title in eight years. Brigham Young, maybe, with a center who could make both All-Yugoslavia and All-America. Or Western Kentucky, with a seven-footer who shoots from the corners. Or Pennsylvania, an Ivy League team that is so tough it beat Duquesne last weekend despite a hostile bottle-and-can-tossing crowd and a guerrilla-warfare defense.

Just a few weeks ago the prospects of an early Bruin demise seemed reasonably favorable. Notre Dame had actually beaten them once and USC had them on the ropes before collapsing in the last nine minutes. Washington lost to them by only two points. Maybe that was when the Bruins decided it was time to ditch the hibernating bit. Whatever the cause, they woke up with a bang, smothered California and Stanford by more than 30 points apiece and last Saturday afternoon absolutely anesthetized USC 73-62—and the score could have been much worse. Notice was served. UCLA intends to fight its way to the final in Houston's Astrodome, it intends to win again—and are there any demurs?

Well, yes. Forget that front line of 6'8" Sidney Wicks, 6'7" Curtis Rowe and 6'9" Steve Patterson, rulers of the backboards at both ends. Forget the steadily improving guards and the very tough defense. Pennsylvania is in the market for an upset. Marquette would like to try. Kansas and Notre Dame are capable of playing a superb game.

This week the 16 survivors of league races and qualifying rounds battle each

The NCAA basketball playoffs are down to 16 teams and one question:

How in blue and gold blazes do you stop UCLA? **by JOE JARES**

other in regional tournaments at Raleigh, N.C., Athens, Ga., Wichita, Kans. and Salt Lake City. The four winners meet the following weekend in Houston. For those who get close enough to the action, it should be something.

There is, to begin with, Penn. It should represent the East, provided, of course, it can get past South Carolina, the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament champion. The Quaker task is made difficult since the game will be in Raleigh, an ACC stronghold. In beating North Carolina last week for the right to meet Penn, the Gamecocks were, with the exception of rebounder Tom Dwens, singularly unimpressive. Only North Carolina, at the end, was even less impressive. N.C. missed eight of 11 free throws in the final five minutes, and in the last six seconds Center Lee Dedmon, in a jump-ball situation against a man seven inches shorter, tipped the ball back toward S.C.'s basket, instead of toward his own. Not entirely with reluctance Owens dropped in the winning goal.

But this may be the way with Frank McGuire-coached teams. It was only the second time in 15 tries that a club of his survived the ACC tournament. The last time it happened—at North Carolina in 1957—he won the national championship by beating Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain in a triple overtime.

Penn, which has won 45 of its last 46

games, qualified for the regional round by beating Duquesne 70-65. The Quakers play excellent defense (especially Guard Dave Wohl and Forward Corky Calhoun) and can score well from five positions when substitute frontcourt man Phil Hankinson is in the lineup.

"I don't think we can lose," said Wohl. "It's not a cocky or boasting attitude, it's a realistic look at ourselves. We will have to be beaten."

In the other bracket, Fordham, which smashed incept Furman 105-74 in the qualifying round, will play Villanova. Mainly because of a swarming full-court press installed by its rookie coach, Digger Phelps, tiny Fordham (25-2) should be able to cope with Villanova's 6'8" Howard Porter. The Rams had no height to cope with Marquette a few weeks ago, either, yet they forced the Warriors into overtime. The pick is Fordham on a jump shot by Charlie Yelverton—strictly routine.

That could set up an intersecine match between the Rams and Penn—intersecine because Phelps was an assistant at Penn for four years. He and Penn Coach Dick Harter are close friends who would prefer not to meet on the basketball court. If they happen to, Penn should make short work of the Rams.

In the Mideast qualifying round at South Bend, Clarence Glover, one of the less sensational shooting forwards in America, made the sneak play of the year for Western Kentucky. With six seconds

continued

The Iron Duke, playing to form, swarmed over Penn Forward Bob Morse (above and right). He still bullied the Quakers into the next round.



onds to go and the Hilltoppers about to throw the ball inbounds, Glover knelt unnoticed in the opposite corner. He stood up, took the pass and put in a layup to beat Jacksonville 74-72.

Jacksonville's 7' 2" All-America Artis Gilmore had left Glover to help cover big Jim McDaniel, who had got Western that far in the first place. But Gilmore was not the only goat. The Dolphins led by as much as 18 points several times late in the first half before blowing their advantage by sloppy ball handling. "I don't think either club impressed anyone," said Jacksonville Coach Tom Wasdin. "We didn't deserve to win, and they just came and got it."

The victory was so much extra bourbon for those bluegrass folks who have waited forever for a meeting between the Hilltoppers and the University of Kentucky. Western has been fielding basketball teams for 52 years, Kentucky for 68—and they have never played each other. The main obstacle has been The Baron, Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp, who does not fancy mixing with social inferiors. In part his aversion to the lower classes may stem from his team's loss to Louisville in the 1959 Midwest Regional.

The Westerners are sure to be out in force at Athens, waving their red towels and carrying on like Chairman Mao youth followers before the Forbidden City. They had better collect more ammunition than towels. Despite a season of nagging injuries and illnesses (including the hospitalization of Rupp) Kentucky won the SEC as usual and coasted into the playoffs for the 19th time. The Wildcats have balance, depth, excellent shooting (the first eight men are all hitting better than 50%) and a good big man in seven-footer Tom Payne, who has improved greatly. Much depends on the health of 6' 4" Guard Kent Hollenbeck, who missed the last five games because of a groin injury.

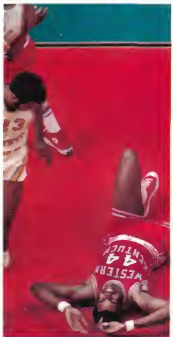
Whichever team wins, it probably will be too emotionally drained to beat the winner of the Marquette-Ohio State game—most likely Marquette. The Warriors qualified Saturday by taking out Miami of Ohio 62-47. Miami was without its high scorer of late, Larry Garloch (who fractured two vertebrae in a



Driving force for South Carolina was John Roche (11), backed by Tom Owens (above) and Kevin Joyce (below), celebrating win



Jacksonville's mistake was letting Jim McDaniel (left) up. He kept his team alive until Clarence Glover's winning shot (top).



gym class accident), but it still managed to hold Marquette until the second half. Such facts, though, have a way of being meaningless with Marquette. Lame or healthy, 27 straight have fallen to the Warriors this year, 39 over the last two seasons.

"We're a second-half team," said Coach Al McGuire. "We won and we're going down South again. I spent six years down there [at Belmont Abbey] and all I can remember is Coca-Cola bottles, gas stations and red clay."

His memories should be more vivid after Athens. Marquette turned down an NCAA bid last season and won the NIT, so it is tournament-toughened, and it has since added 6' 11" sophomore Jim Chones, possibly the best center in the nation. Marquette should make good use of him while it can because he admits he is available to the pros before graduation.

continued

Marquette's Jim Chones, who may be the best big man in college basketball, was a terror on defense against outgunned Miami.





"My father is dead and I've got five brothers and sisters at home in Racine, Wis.," he said. "My mother makes salads at an Italian restaurant, and I've got to give serious thought to any professional possibilities."

Chones will be strongly challenged in Georgia. Ohio State has a star sophomore center of its own, seven-foot Luke Witte, and if Marquette gets by the Buckeyes, either Payne of Kentucky or seven-footer McDaniels of Western Kentucky will be next in line. However, Chones has the Midwest's best supporting cast, notably Dean (The Dream) Meminger, who McGuire says is a better passer than Bob Cousy. Both Marquette forwards have been hurt. Gary Brel with muscle spasms in his back and neck, and Bob Luckey with a "severe confusion of the lower back," but Luckey definitely will play. Brel is questionable.

If Marquette is upset in Athens, the likely culprit will be Ohio State—tough on defense and disciplined. Despite having only one starting senior, Jim Cleanmons, the Buckeyes won the Big Ten with a 13-1 record. Cleanmons directs the action, leads in assists and is the best defender and second-leading rebounder. Sophomore Allan Hornyak is a fine shooter who has been transformed into a team player by Coach Fred Taylor.

Kansas, which meets Houston in the Midwest Regional at Wichita, has a 25-1 record, its only loss coming at Louisville just before Christmas. The Jayhawks feature a powerful inside game with 6' 10" Dave Robisch, 6' 10" Roger Brown and a couple of tall substitutes. Should they be surrounded underneath the basket, Bud Stallworth can hit from long range.

The disturbing thing about Kansas is that it has been squeaking by lately. It beat Colorado by one point, Oklahoma by two in overtime, Missouri by two in overtime and Nebraska by five. That is preferable to losing, but the Jayhawks cannot claim that they stormed into the NCAA tournament.

Still, Kansas should be able to handle Houston, which it beat 89-73 in the final of the Jayhawk Classic in December, and meet the winner of the Notre Dame-Drake game. If it is the Irish (who walloped Texas Christian last Saturday

102-94 as Austin Carr scored 52 points), the Jayhawks should feel confident. They easily beat Carr and Company last season in South Bend, and they are much better now.

Drake has a strange situation. On Feb. 27 Coach Maury John announced his resignation, to take effect after the season, in order to move to Iowa State. At the time the Bulldogs were struggling to keep up in the Missouri Valley race. Fortunately, Louisville was in a tailspin and the league finished in a three-way tie. Drake won the playoff, and now John is the happiest lame-duck coach around.

"I'm looking after two teams," he said last week, "attempting to win the national championship with one and hoping to rebuild another."

To add to the confusing game of musical chairs, Howard Stacey, interim coach at Louisville, which lost the playoff to Drake Saturday, formally agreed 3½ hours before tipoff to replace John at Drake. John should get to his Iowa State recruiting chores early. If the Irish do not knock him out, Kansas will, but he is a resilient man. After all, he says, "I'm still the Drake coach." Huh?

UCLA's opponent in the first round of the West Regional at Salt Lake City will be Brigham Young. The Cougars have an agile, 6' 11" Yugoslavian center, Kresimir Cosic, and they love to run and gun. They qualified for the tournament by beating Utah on Utah's court and then knocked off Utah State 91-82 on State's court in the qualifying round Saturday. All of which frustrated State Coach LaDell Andersen.

"Kresimir Cosic simply does not do the things you would expect an American college post man to do," he complained. "I think he really doesn't know himself. He may shoot overhanded, underhanded or behind his back."

BYU now has shot 56½ from the field in its last six games, and it is certain to have UCLA fans outnumbered 10 to 1 in Salt Lake. But the Bruins were undefeated in a far tougher conference. Barring tragic upheaval, they should advance into the regional final to play either Pacific or Long Beach State.

Pacific made it in by winning its conference title, but Long Beach had to qualify for a second straight year by beating Weber State, which it did 77-66, using the same jug-shaped 1-2-2 zone defense that worked last time. The 49ers moved

the ball well to inside men George Trapp and Bob Lynn, and sophomore Guard Ed Ratliff scored 31 points, mostly from the outside. Even so, it is hard to take Long Beach seriously. UCLA murdered the team in the regionals last year. Kansas and Marquette made hash of the 49ers this season.

If Pacific gets by Long Beach, it could present a little more trouble for the Bruins. The Tigers, who have a good 6' 10" center in junior John Giannelis (Northern California's Player of the Year), lost at UCLA by only 12 points in December. Pacific has won its last 11 in a row and, even more amazing to its fans, Coach Dick Edwards, the original human volcano, has yet to get hit with a technical foul this year. He may be storing up the lava and sulphur for Salt Lake.

So there is the lineup for the Astro-dome. UCLA, Kansas, Marquette and Pennsylvania. The Marquette-Penn battle of the unbeaten could be the best game of the weekend, matching well-coached, disciplined teams. Marquette probably would be the oddsmakers' favorite, but the pick here is Penn. The Quakers have close to equal board strength and defense, superior shooting and a stronger bench. In the other semifinal, UCLA is just the sort of team to give Kansas a headache: it has lots of movement in its attack and it rebounds well. Kansas is not at its best against speed. Should it be Notre Dame under the Dome instead of the Jayhawks. UCLA would be out to avenge its only loss of the season. The last time that situation came up, the Bruins unthrifted Houston 101-69.

Against either Penn or Marquette in the Saturday afternoon final, the choice is—well, listen to the man who is best acquainted with Sidney Wicks' stare and Curtis Rowe's tap-ins.

USC Coach Bob Boyd leaned against a wall near the UCLA dressing room after his latest loss to the Bruins and sipped a soft drink. Possibly he would have preferred something stronger.

"It's hard to pick a winner," he said. "Anything can happen in a one-round knockout tournament. You can't term them an overwhelming favorite, but . . . I'd pick UCLA."

Wooden said it another way. "I'm not going to suggest that we'll win it," he said, laughing lightly, "but I wouldn't trade our chances with anyone." And is that enough said?

END



Led by Colt John Mackey, who dishes it out on or off the field, NFL players charge management with delay of game and unsportsmanlike conduct **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



OWNERS CAN BE TACKLED, TOO

When the owners and players of the National Football League shook hands last August after a lockout, a strike and weeks of heated bargaining, it was believed all would be well again in a world that is supposed to be violent only on weekends. New player benefits had been agreed upon as had new pension contributions. Certainly the season that followed indicated that pro football was moving into the '70s at the same phenomenal growth rate at which it had left the '60s. Last season over 13 million spectators bought tickets to 264 pre-season, regular-season and post-season games. The three networks paid \$45 million for TV rights. In fact, the NFL's gross revenue may have gone over \$120 million in 1970, up from \$107 million in 1969. Not bad for a sport which so many of its entrepreneurs claim is a lousy business.

Regrettably, success at the gate and on the tube doesn't hide the fact that all is not well. The contract agreed upon last August was only drawn up this month. At week's end it was still un-

signed, and owner-player relationships haven't substantially improved since last summer. The owners grumble that the players have become greedy and militant. The players say they are no longer willing to be regarded as beasts of burden and charge that the owners have been attempting to bust—or at least to weaken—their Players Association.

The most immediate area of conflict involves the amount of profit each team makes. This isn't easy to determine. Of the 26 NFL clubs only Boston and Green Bay are publicly owned and, because of its peculiar corporate structure, Green Bay doesn't have to account to anyone, including shareholders. Private ownership can hide profit figures more effectively than tax write-offs, amortizations or the commingling of jointly owned enterprises. An owner can simply say that owning a pro team is a fun thing, not a money maker. The protesting chorus goes something like this:

Clint Murchison Jr., owner of the Dallas Cowboys: "A man has to be out of his mind to go into pro football to make

money. You buy a team because you're kind of an addict."

Gerald Phipps, part owner and chairman of the board of the Denver Broncos: "Pro football is not a prudent business investment."

Art Modell, owner and president of the Cleveland Browns: "Operating profits never justify your investment. You've really got to love the game."

The Players Association claims otherwise. Its figures indicate that the 26 AFL and NFL teams as a whole probably made a pre-tax profit of \$12.7 million on revenues of \$106.7 million during the 1969 season, that the merged league made pre-tax earnings of \$22 million on revenues of \$122.9 million in 1970 and that by 1973 the pre-tax profit may reach \$37.6 million on revenues of \$158 million.

"The players' figures are pretty far out," commented NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle last week. "Last year the accounting firm of Arthur Andersen did a study paid for by the players and the owners as an aid in negotiations. I think I re-

call that the figure for total revenue, based on the 1969 season, was something like \$102 million. It was a difficult thing to put together, because each club has different accounting methods. Frankly, I'm in favor of the owners issuing financial statements, putting them on record."

Arthur Andersen computed \$11.8 million as the pre-tax and tax write-off profit for all teams in 1969, but apparently wasn't satisfied with the information provided it. In a preamble to its report it states: "The scope of our work did not include all procedures considered necessary under generally accepted auditing standards, and does not permit us to express an opinion on the accompanying statements."

Arthur Andersen's figures for 1969 aren't far under those arrived at by the players, but the players say their estimates are conservative. For the benefit of anyone who, to the contrary, finds these estimates unbelievable, see below:

Item: Green Bay, despite a payroll swollen with salaries to highly paid veterans and one of the smaller stadiums in the NFL (50,810 seating capacity), reportedly made \$653,109 in 1969.

Item: Boston, despite having the worst record in the NFL and playing in the smallest stadium (38,000), announced last month that it made a profit of \$500,000 in 1970. It has also been recently revealed that two other teams with poor won-lost records have been profitable. In 1968 the Philadelphia Eagles reportedly made about \$650,000, and in 1969 Buffalo reportedly made \$800,000.

Whatever the evidence, the belief that pro football teeters on the edge of bankruptcy has been sanctified by Congress. In 1966, when the NFL and AFL merged and thus became a monopoly, Congress exempted the new league from antitrust laws. Senate Whip Russell Long (D., La.) and House Whip Hale Boggs (D., La.) were chiefly responsible for the legislation. New Orleans was granted an NFL franchise soon after.

It is the feeling of the players that for years the owners have had it pretty good. They have had a sympathetic press, sympathetic fans, a sympathetic TV audience, a sympathetic Congress—in short, almost an entire nation sympathetic to their claim that pro football isn't a real money-maker and that, conversely, ex-

cessive demands for pension funding and other benefits will bleed the game white. Even the players themselves have been traditionally more eager to play than to argue about money.

"We are up against some of the richest, most powerful men in the country," says a veteran NFL regular, referring to the Marchisons, the Hunts, the Jack Kent Cookes, the Fords, the Rankin Smiths, all multimillionaires who own teams but who possess clout and power extending far beyond the playing fields. "Anyone active in the Players Association has to be careful about what he does and says. You make nothing but enemies in that kind of work, enemies of the wrong people, people who can hurt you."

From each team one player is elected to represent his teammates to the Players Association and to management. He is called the player rep. Most player reps do their job very well, some do it badly, none last in the job very long. The turnover among player reps is high partly because it is a time-consuming job that pays no salary, and who needs it? Partly it is because a great many reps get traded. Most of them are starters, many are All-Pro's. Even so, a player rep's chance of being traded, waived or cut is about three times as high as that of a player who minds his own business. Pittsburgh traded away its last two reps, San Francisco traded away three in less than a year. In addition, reps have been demoted to the taxi squad, benched and pressured.

The toll has been particularly high following contract negotiations between the owners and the Players Association. In 1968 a new contract was agreed upon. The AFL players signed quietly. The NFL players went on strike before obtaining a contract they would sign. Within a year six NFL reps had been waived, sold or traded; two others went in 1970. Pittsburgh's rep, John Campbell, was sold to Baltimore; San Francisco's alternate rep, Clark Miller, who had been very active in the negotiations, was traded to the New York Giants; San Francisco's rep, Howard Mudd, a Pro Bowl choice at offensive guard, was traded to Chicago; Atlanta rep Sam Williams was waived out of the league; the Falcons' alternate rep Dan Grimm was traded

to Baltimore; and Philadelphia rep John Huarte was traded to Minnesota. In 1970, reps Carl Kammerer and Gary Wood were waived by Washington and cut by the Giants respectively. By the time the negotiations on the 1970 player-owner contract got underway not a single 1968 NFL player rep still served in that capacity.

The attrition continued virtually unabated during and after the 1970 bargaining. San Francisco player rep Kermit Alexander, the team's outstanding cornerback, was traded to Los Angeles. In fact, he was called out of a players Association meeting to receive the news. Following an exceptional season, Pittsburgh rep Roy Jefferson was traded to Baltimore. Dallas rep John Wilbur, a starter at guard, was traded to St. Louis, then to Los Angeles and is now with Washington. Miami rep Dick Westmoreland, a defensive back, was traded to Minnesota and then cut.

Says Rozelle, who regards himself as holding a neutral position between players and owners, "I've never heard any talk at all about players being traded just because they were player reps. I'd have to look at each case separately, but in general most player reps are veterans who've been around for a while. Obviously you're going to have more trading at the ends of the spectrum—rookies and vets. Without looking at each trade, my guess would be that the players in question were all about 29 or 30. [Actually, the average age was 28.] Clubs have different needs. Maybe they're just trying something else or are looking for a youth movement. If you examine each trade on its merits, I think you'll find pretty rational reasons for it."

Rational reasons have been found for some of football's most disastrous trades, but add to the waives, the trades and the cuts those player reps who have come off fine years only to be benched or demoted to the taxi squad, and a long, impressively sinister list can be drawn up. Then there are the harassment campaigns. Dave Robinson, the Green Bay linebacker, and the 49ers' Alexander allegedly provide typical examples.

"Coach Bengtson really got on Robinson during the 1968 season," reports a now-retired Green Bay player whose continuing connections in pro ball in-

continued

hibit his willingness to be identified. "Bergson kept chewing Robinson out for not playing well, kept charging that he should have kept his mind on his football playing instead of negotiating pension contracts. It was childish."

In 1968 Kermit Alexander intercepted nine passes and played in the Pro Bowl. In 1969 his days with San Francisco were drawing to a close. "Coach Dick Nolan jumped all over him," says a player still with the 49ers. "We kept asking Kermit 'What's wrong?' but I guess the answer was pretty obvious. They finally had a shouting match during a game. The sad thing is that Nolan is a great guy who is really with the players. He was just caught in the middle."

The obvious result of this harassment campaign is that the Players Association has a hard time finding people willing to be reps. "At our last election the first five nominees declined the honor," a newly elected rep said recently.

"The atmosphere is very bad for us," admits John Mackey, the Baltimore tight end who serves as the Players Association president. "The player reps don't feel really free to do their best. When a player rep gets traded it also disrupts our organization. He has to be replaced. That's why we are now planning to build a strong front office, run by professional administrators and a paid, fulltime executive director. I certainly can't afford to go through another year like 1970."

Mackey's troubles began shortly after his election. The previous contract expired on Feb. 1, 1970, and talks on the new contract started in March. Primarily at management's behest, the meetings up through June took on the look of a luxury tour. Honolulu one week, New York the next. Then Miami, Miami, Minneapolis, Baltimore and Chicago. "It was costing us something like \$4,000 a trip," says Association Business Manager Mal Kennedy. "The Doral Country Club. They always wanted to meet at places like the Doral Country Club."

"We suspected it was deliberately designed to make things difficult for us," adds Ed Garvey, Players Association labor counsel. "They sought to delay, delay, delay in the hopes that the players would start getting nervous about the start of training camps and give in." What the players were asking for was a dramatically increased contribution to the pension fund, as well as improvements in the insurance programs,

exhibition-game pay and expense reimbursements in other areas. They felt justified in requesting increased benefits on the basis of a much-improved TV contract. Rozelle had recently signed, and came armed with statistics proving that the owners could easily afford the new demands. But the owners rejected them and counterproposed a new retirement plan that would actually have reduced their previous commitments. They also suggested that guidelines dealing with grooming and with civic responsibilities undertaken by the players be written into the contract. The owners had traveled 75,000 miles to hold meetings and had produced little more than a request that the players regularly visit the barber.

"They have no respect for our association," says one NFL lineman. "They don't even want to treat us like adults. The oldtimers like Curly Lambeau in Green Bay, George Halas in Chicago, George Marshall in Washington and the Maras in New York came into football because they loved the game. They made money out of football and they exercised an old-fashioned and restrictive paternalism, but at least they respected the players as players. Most of the new owners now buying in have made their fortunes outside of sport. They come into football either because it's a big ego trip or because they see a chance to make some more really big money. They look upon us as dumb jocks who should be happy to accept what they offer."

During the negotiations the owners seemed continually baffled as hearing their players use phrases like "militancy" and "strong and unified." At one point, when the bargaining grew particularly heated, the owners evidently took these phrases at their face value, for they called in security cops for protection—or, at least, so several members of the Players Association contend.

Many of the players claim that security men of another type were being employed by the commissioner's office and that they were being spied upon in various ways. There is scant evidence to support this contention, but a statement made at one point by Tex Schramm, president of the Dallas Cowboys, tends to validate it. Schramm, assisted by Rankin Smith, chairman of the board of the Atlanta Falcons, and George Halas, acted as chief negotiator for the owners. At one session, Schramm informed members of the players' executive committee that

every detail of a recent mass meeting at which the players had finally voted to strike, down to who said what, was known to the owners.

"As far as this office is concerned, stories that we were spying on the players are totally untrue," says Rozelle adamantly. "Rumors of that sort were just part of the atmosphere. People were getting tense and excited. As a matter of fact, one of the players involved in the negotiations left his briefcase in a Washington cab. All the cab driver knew was that it belonged to someone in pro football, so he delivered it to Eddie Williams [Washington President Edward Bennett Williams] at the Redskins' office. Williams knew it probably had something in it that would have been of interest to the owners, but he sent it right over to the player at his hotel without taking a look at it."

"In any negotiation people start getting paranoid and suspicious," explains Labor Lawyer Garvey, "but here an atmosphere of distrust had been created to the point that people began to think that their rooms were beingugged and that they were being spied upon. It makes for poor bargaining."

Last January, the association asked for the resignation of its legal counsel, Allan Miller, on the grounds that he didn't seem to have their cause sufficiently at heart. Miller's exit may have been brought about by a Maria Hiri. During the summer of 1970 Miller had been introduced to an aspiring young actress by someone close to Cowboy Owner Clint Murchison. A romance blossomed. Miller, who was divorced, flipped on the girl to the point where he told friends he was contemplating another marriage. But when the negotiations were finally concluded, the girl was suddenly too busy to see him.

The players were vulnerable in other areas. "They really creamed us in the PR battle," claims an aggrieved player rep who is still receiving hate mail from angry fans. "Rozelle has an office full of PR guys and a Telex machine with direct connections to each of the 26 team offices. After a complex negotiating session the owners could have their statement in the hands of newspapers all over the country before we'd even made it to a typewriter. What's indicative of the power of management's communications system is the fact that everyone on the country knows that each player on the

Colts made \$15,000 by winning the Super Bowl, but nobody knows what the owners got. Because we stood up on our own two legs, we were effectively painted in the public mind as the villains in the black hats."

The players cite two major instances to support this contention. At one negotiating session they agreed to automatically lower their pension demands if league revenues from the sale of TV rights and stadium tickets declined instead of increased, as projected. Contributions to the pension fund would be reduced \$1 for every \$3 of lost revenue. The next day, infuriated fans read that the players were now suggesting that their pension be funded from an increase in ticket prices.

The second PR punch stemmed from confusion concerning the pension itself. In late summer the owners released a set of figures purporting to be what a football player would receive upon re-

tirement if just what the owners were prepared to contribute each year to the pension fund—\$4.5 million—was accepted. The projection started at \$8,280 per year for a veteran with five years service who wanted to draw retirement pay starting at 55 and topped out at \$59,940 for a 15-year man retiring at 65.

With sensational figures like these to contend with, the Players Association rebuttals had little effect. Virtually in vain, it attempted to explain that benefits such as these could only accrue to players beginning their rookie year in 1970 provided that the 1,750 currently active and retired players already entitled to benefits did not receive any upgrading in the previous plan, that only about one player in a thousand lasts 15 years in pro football; that only about one in two survives five years; and that a realistic figure would be \$1,000 per month for a 10-year veteran who retired at 65.

The players contend that one reason

for the long delay in drawing up the contract is that each owner has only a fuzzy idea of how his colleagues are running their clubs. They are 26 separate and distinct entities as far as collective bargaining is concerned, each uninformed and disorganized, their communication with one another as bad as their communication with the media is good.

Another stumbling block was that while the players would come into the meetings armed with appropriate facts and figures, the owners hadn't done their homework. "We'd make a proposal and back it up with figures," says Lawyer Garvey, "and they'd say, 'Gosh, we didn't know all that. We need more time to think about it.' Then they'd come back two weeks later and be completely unresponsive."

"Part of the trouble is that the owners look to Rozelle as the knight on the white charger," says John Mackey, "but they hate it when he comes galloping in and saves them. It makes them look bad. Therefore, even when it's impossible for them to really get together they'll go to any lengths to try and work things out on their own before calling on Rozelle to get things organized."

Another impediment was that the owners recently introduced several brand new items. One was that coaches, trainers and equipment managers should be covered by the \$4.8 million set aside for the players' pension fund. The owners also wanted a no-strike clause. They finally dropped this request, but provoked a player-owner dialogue that the players found extraordinarily naive.

Said the players: Without being entitled to strike, what redress would we have?

Said the owners: Arbitration.

Said the players: And who would be the arbitrator?

Said the owners: Pete Rozelle.

In addition, the owners insisted that the contract, which has a life of four years, forecloses negotiations on new issues that might arise, such as pay TV or further league expansion. The players insisted that such a foreclosure was never agreed upon and in the end the new stipulations were omitted. The signing wasn't forthcoming, however, because at week's end Tex Schramm had the contract and he was incommunicado on Rozelle's yacht. His last word to the Players Association was that he "wanted a few things clarified."



Chief negotiator Schramm left players know owners knew what took place at their meeting.

END

IN GREEK IT'S LOS ANGELES

With Cincinnati's Big Red Machine out of tune the muscular Dodgers are now the team to watch, as two Hellenic National Leaguers agree

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

At the end of the 1970 World Series it was generally conceded that all such future encounters between the American and National League champions until at least the year 2000 would involve the Baltimore Orioles and Cincinnati Reds. Oh, age might sneak up from behind and do a little damage to the Orioles, but Cincinnati's team was so young and so good it would probably last forever.

It is now the middle of March, only five months since the Big Red dynasty was in full bloom and still weeks before Opening Day, yet suddenly everybody is running around the state of Florida shouting something that sounds strangely like "The Dodgers! The Dodgers!" There hasn't been such a spontaneous jump on the bandwagon since Clint Hargett became the new Babe Ruth in 1947. Temporarily.

But the Dodgers hardly appear to be temporary. At a recent dinner in St. Petersburg, Alex Grammas, the third-base coach of the Reds, spoke to Al Campanis, the Dodger vice-president in charge of player personnel. The two conversed in Greek. "It's such a beautiful language," Campanis said later. "Alex said, 'I understand you have it all.' I told him, 'Alex, we might not have it all, but we have most of it.'"

When the Reds met the Dodgers last week in an exhibition game in Tampa there was a feeling in the air not normally associated with spring training. Before the game players sat in their dugouts to watch the other team bat and take infield and outfield practice, instead of going back to their clubhouses. In the game itself the Dodgers, lifted by five runs batted in by Wes Parker (see cover), beat the Reds 13-2, which could have an adverse psy-

Saves Wes Parker is no home-run hitter but in 1970 he drove in 111 runs and batted .319.



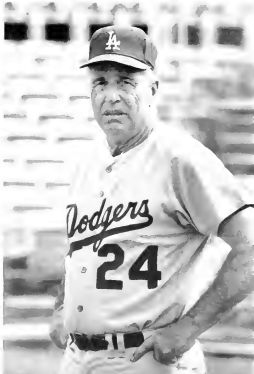
chological effect on a troubled Cincinnati team that lost its first five exhibition games and had to hang on desperately to win one by a score of 9-8. The Dodgers, on the other hand, serenely went on to win six straight.

Not too much should be made of spring training games, of course, but it is obvious that Los Angeles finally has a team that can hit a baseball past the pitcher's mound. This is in happy contrast to all those years when a Dodger rally consisted of an infield single, two stolen bases and a wild pitch, the glory years of Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale (When Drysdale was informed once that Koufax had pitched a perfect game, Don asked, "Did he win?").

But times change, and last year the Dodgers' baseball personality began to change, too. They missed tying the hard-hitting Reds for the highest team batting average in the majors by .0001 (.2702 to .2703). Parker, Willie Davis and Manny Mota hit over .300, and Bill Grabarkewitz was among the league leaders until a slump in August pulled him down to .289. And now Manager Walter Alston has a crop of splendid young ballplayers coming up after a season of impressive hitting in the Pacific Coast League, where the Dodgers' Spokane farm club won its division by 26 games.

Alston has been trying out his new Dodger team in various lineups to see if he really has all that versatility. The team is pliable partly because it's so young. Grabarkewitz was asked what had impressed him the most about his first full major league season. "It's strange," Bill said, "but what I remember most is that on the final day of the season I looked around at the lineup we had on the field. I was 24, and I was the oldest man out there." Centerfielder Willie Davis says, "We've got good things up and down the lineup. Richie Allen came to us from St. Louis, and he has the feeling he's with a winner. We have speed and defense and now we have power, too. We can go for a big inning. A hitter can give himself up and know that something is bound to happen to get a runner home."

Davis, once little more than a fast-footed enigma, has put two 300 yards back to back. He led the league with 16



Craggy Walter Alston has run the club for 18 years. He called the best manager in baseball.

triples in 1970, stole 38 bases, batted .305 and knocked home 93 runs. "I don't think the Reds are going to be as tough this year," Willie says. "They all had good years together in '70, and that's hard to repeat. They got off flying and never stopped. It helped them to play in Crosley Field, too, but that new, big ball park they have now won't give up as many homers as Crosley Field did."

Allen's presence raises questions about the Dodger lineup. His best position is first base, but Parker is the best defensive first baseman in the game. Gil Hodges, who should know, calls Wes "the man" at that position. Since the Dodgers may experiment with youngsters at second, short and third, Parker's fielding superiority will be more important than ever this year. Last season he accepted 1,630 chances and made only

seven errors. Over the last five years he has had only 27. Thus Allen will play left field for Los Angeles, which should not disturb the fans too much since the Dodgers haven't had a good fielder out there for a long time. Like since Zack Wheat.

Parker's emergence as one of the stars of the National League has been very sneaky. Through 1968 his lifetime major league average was under .250. Then he hit .278 in 1969 and last year exploded to .319, fifth in the league, while batting in 111 runs. Joe Torre of the Cardinals, a close friend of Parker ("as close as you can get with a guy on another team," according to Torre), says, "You used to be able to get Wes out without throwing him a strike. He had a lot of blind spots, and he would swing at bad pitches. He's different now. He's a good

restaurant

hitter. Good hitters ride out the slumps and don't panic—they don't change everything around and get so messed up they can't do anything. Wes has that kind of confidence. Still, for a guy to drive in 111 runs with only 10 homers is almost unreal."

Indeed it is, but Parker did it—the first major leaguer in 20 years to bat in so many runs with so few homers, which reflects his determination with men on base. He says that Psycho-Cybernetics helped him get rid of an earlier fear of failure. Psycho-Cybernetics and Alston.

"There were times," he says, "when I thought I would never hit, but Alston stuck with me through five lean years. I owe a lot to Walt. Unless anyone has experienced how much fun it can be to

hit in the majors he wouldn't understand the pleasure you can derive from it."

Now 31, Parker is a strikingly handsome bachelor who has "five or six master's points" in bridge, shoots golf to a 10 handicap, spends time at the Music Center in Los Angeles, travels extensively during the off season, is considered to be a budding radio announcer and admits candidly, "I'm not an entrepreneur. I haven't made any big investments. Until two years ago I never made more than \$25,000 in salary." (His contract this year is said to be close to \$70,000.)

"I enjoy different facets of life," he says. "Like music and reading. And this winter I got involved in something that is probably the most rewarding thing I have ever done." He and teammate Jim Lefebvre learned as much as they could about narcotics and spoke on the subject to more than 20,000 junior high school students. "We tried to tell kids that drugs are the wrong approach. There is a lot of talk about athletes taking pep pills—greenies—and yet there are only a few isolated cases in baseball. They have been blown way out of proportion. I never tried one in my life and wouldn't want to. The human body is remarkable in what it can cope with and respond to without any help. When we talked to the kids we tried to show them that people were concerned about their problems. I got a letter from a 10-year-old girl who said that she felt safe because somebody cared enough about her to be interested. That's enough to make the entire thing worthwhile."

In Parker's view, this year's Dodgers will be "able to jump out in front in games because now we have hitters that produce runs. We are counting heavily on Richie Allen, but we also have more young talent on this team than at any time since I have been with the club. Our spirit is good, and it's going to get better. And remember, Maury Wills hates to lose."

Parker moved into the locker next to Wills several seasons back. "I like the way Maury thinks," Wes says. "He inspires me. He'll do anything to win a ball game." Ask Wills about Parker and the veteran shortstop says, "The time has come when some of these young Dodgers should ask to locker next to him."

Last year as Cincinnati pulled rapidly away in the National League West, the Dodgers had trouble getting out of

the garage. They lost five straight, three of them at home to the Reds.

"We had a terrible start," admits Parker. "The first five times we played the Reds they beat us. It was depressing, because they just plain beat us. We had no excuses."

The Dodgers finally began to come together in June, and by the end of the year the Reds were the only team with a winning record against them. "This club had as much spirit as any I've ever seen," Alston said. "Even though we were so far behind, the kids never quit. I was proud of them." Bringing the Dodgers back to respectability from that bad start would have been a boneless task for some managers but, says the Reds' Sparky Anderson, "When you rate managers you take Alston out of the group and put him on a very high shelf and then talk about the other 23 guys." Alston's Dodgers ended up by winning 87 games; the Pirates won the league's Eastern Division with 89.

Many believe the 1970 season was Alston's finest as a manager, but his performances are hard to compare, since he has won with all types of teams. He has probably stolen a couple of pennants with his shrewdness and knowledge of the game, which are allied to a temperament that is almost perfect for handling highly competitive athletes. He doesn't break up locker rooms after defeats or rant and rave during arguments with umpires. "Of all the records in baseball," Richie Allen said last week, "one of the biggest has got to be Alston's. That man has had 18 one-year contracts from the same club." He has managed the Dodgers as long as the fabled Wilbert Robinson did, and only Connie Mack, John McGraw and Cap Anson managed one club longer.

It will be interesting to watch Alston with Allen this year. The Dodgers have not had a genuine home run hater since they traded Frank Howard in 1965. When in 1969 Allen maneuvered himself into a position where Philadelphia had to trade him the Dodgers were tempted but backed off. "We thought about him," Al Campanis said at the time. "We wanted his bat but not his personality. We would have been making a travesty of everything that Dodger spirit represents."

Allen went to the St. Louis Cardinals instead. Then last season when the Cardinals, in turn, put Allen on the mar-

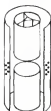
Sluggo Allen chats with old hand Parker.

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ket, the Dodgers changed their minds about the personality problem. Allen had behaved well in St. Louis and he hit 34 homers with 101 runs batted in, but the Cards finished a very bad fourth and felt they needed defensive help. Allen's name was first brought up in talks between the Dodgers and Cardinals in August. "Bing Devine and I talked about Allen during the baseball meetings in Montreal," says Campanis. They continued their discussion at the American League playoffs between Baltimore and Minnesota and on the last day of the playoffs announced that Allen had been traded to the Dodgers for Second Baseman Ted Sizemore and Catcher Bob Sison. People said, "Allen for who?"

For the first time in years, Allen showed up at spring training on time. He has been seen at 6 in the morning in Vero Beach taking batting practice from the Iron Mikes at the Dodger camp. ("Is he just coming out," the cynics ask, "or is he just getting in?")

"There's no doubt that this place is Zero Beach," Allen says, "but I don't mind. I've never felt so confident before. I feel like I did when I was a rookie. I see the chance to play with a winner, and for a change I'd like to be accused of being a winner."

Along with Allen, Los Angeles picked up another slugger in Catcher Duke Sims, who hit 23 homers last year with Cleveland, but the Dodgers are still without a lot of experience—although heavy with such fascinating but generally unfamiliar names as Sandy Vance, Doyle Alexander and Bobby Valentine. They may catch the Reds with their morale down—Cincinnati has had a lot of contractual problems, which could carry some bitterness over into the season—but Sparky Anderson is not ready to believe that will happen. "I've heard about the Dodgers," Anderson says. "I know they're good and that they have some fine prospects, but I'm not ready to throw in my sponges. I'm not going to predict that we're going to win, because that can be a silly thing to do. When we lost Bobby Tolan with that torn Achilles' tendon we lost a lot. Even so, if the Dodgers are going to take the pennant they better be prepared to win an awful lot of ball games."

With Davis, Parker, Allen, Wills and a horde of improving talent named Sandy Doyle Valentine, they might do just that.

END

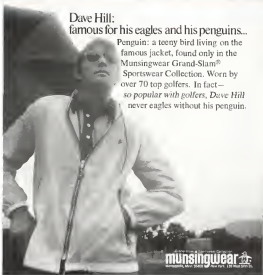
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IT'S THE HOOSIER TITLE WAVE

The question is not whether Indiana will engulf the opposition to win its fourth straight collegiate championship but whether it could beat an all-star team from the rest of the world

by WILLIAM F. REED

The history of intercollegiate swimming is one of dynasties. Through the first 31 years of NCAA competition, only five schools won championships—Ohio State (11), Michigan (10), Southern California (5), Yale (4) and Stanford (1). Now Indiana has taken over. The Hoosiers have won three straight NCAA titles, will add a fourth at Ames, Iowa next weekend, and the end of their reign is not in sight. In fact, a good case can be made for the 1971 Indiana swimming team being the best college team ever—in any sport.

How can a swimming team be compared with, say, the Oklahoma football teams that won 47 straight, the USC track teams that took nine consecutive NCAA championships or the UCLA basketball teams that have won six of the last seven NCAA titles? This way. If Indiana swam against an all-star team from the rest of the world, the Hoosiers very likely would win. In the same set-up Oklahoma, USC and UCLA in their respective heydays almost certainly would have lost. Few college football, track or basketball teams have ever had four All-Americans at once. Indiana has four—Mark Spitz, Gary Hall, John Kinsella and Mike Stamm—who also rank among the top five or six swimmers in the world. Together they own or share six world and 17 American records.

Spitz, 21, holds world records in the 100-meter freestyle (:51.9) and the 100 butterfly (:55.6), and he shares the 200 freestyle record (1:54.3) with Don Scholander. Hall, 19, has world records in the 200-meter butterfly (2:05) and the 400 individual medley (4:31). Kinsella, 18, holds the world record for the 1,500-meter freestyle (15:57.1). Stamm, 18, is the top U.S. backstroker (:58.5 for 100 meters and 2:06.3 for 200).

At one time or place each of the four has been proclaimed the world's top swimmer in one stroke or another, and each has collected enough trophies and medals to displace the water in Indi-



ana's Royer Pool. Kinsella is this year's recipient of the AAU's James E. Sullivan Award, given annually to the nation's top amateur athlete, while Hall gained a similar honor from the Helms Foundation. When Hall accepted the "Swimmer of the Year" award from the Columbus Touchdown Club (which Spitz won for 1969), he apologized for the absence of his coach, Dr. James E. Counsilman, by saying, with more truth than humor, "We have a meet tonight against Michigan, our toughest of the year, and at Indiana it seems that swimmers are more expendable than the coach."

The Big Four, plus other formidable swimmers from the U.S., Spain, Canada and Norway, give every practice in Royer Pool the aura of an international meet. It is only a slight exaggeration to suggest that Counsilman's swimmers get tougher competition in their daily workouts than they will receive in the NCAA's. "But we still have a challenge," says Kinsella, who, although only a freshman, is the team leader. "We don't want just to win, we want to overwhelm."

At best, the presence of Indiana's Great American Dream Machine presents problems. "They're a cinch," says Coach Peter Daland, of Southern Cal, whose teams have finished second to Indiana in the last two NCAA's, "so you have to set realistic goals. You can't kid your squad that they have a shot at beating them. They don't."

At worst, some coaches are complaining that Counsilman has ruined college swimming by cornering the market on talent. It is a fact that in most dual meets, Indiana wins by such lopsided margins that Counsilman has got in the habit of allowing his swimmers to compete in whatever events they want. Says one bitter Midwestern coach, "It's not good in any sport for one team to dominate. I know the sport has risen everywhere and that all teams are better, but I see a possibility that it could tail off at other schools if they can't be competitive with Indiana."

"Hah!" retorts Counsilman. "They didn't talk that way when I came here and Michigan beat us 62-19 or when Peter Daland had Roy Saari and the

rest at USC. When other coaches were attracting all the great swimmers, I didn't cry. When I hear all this talk, it makes me think of a quotation I read from Montaigne, something like 'Fame and serenity can never be bedfellows.'"

In the process of building his dynasty Counsilman, 50, has become known to his athletes, friends and family as a genius, coach, professor, scientist, author, physiologist, psychologist, psychoanalyst, nutritionist, businessman, photographer, anthropologist, gourmet, world traveler, comedian, metaphysician and all-round swimmer—Spitz recently clocked Doc in 1:15 for the 100-yard IM. Even his detractors concede that Counsilman elevated swimming from a sport to a science. His book, *The Science of Swimming*, has sold more than 50,000 copies in six languages, while pools around the world are equipped with work-out clocks that Counsilman manufactures in the basement of his palatial new home. Thanks to these and other business interests, he is one of the few coaches who have been able to make money out of swimming.

A man of tremendous energy and ambition, Counsilman is uncommonly devoted to swimming and his swimmers. His first practice usually begins at 7 a.m., and his last often doesn't end until after 9 p.m. The Hoosiers probably put in more hours and yardage than any college team, yet they seem to love every excruciating moment. Even the stars appear to take an almost masochistic delight in competing for the candy and crackjacks that Counsilman doles out for excellence. He encourages everyone to call him "Doc" (he has a doctorate in phys ed from Iowa), and he is as adept at mending a bruised ego as he is at recommending a cure for a faulty stroke. His swimmers feel free to tease Counsilman about his big belly and equally big appetite, to ask his advice on a matter of love, to drop by his home to study, watch TV or to be served his wife Marge's homemade lasagna.

Everyone around Counsilman seems to love him, but no one—except, perhaps, his wife—claims to wholly faith-om him. "I come on easygoing," says Counsilman, "but I'm really not. I just don't show my aggressions overtly."

"Most people don't understand Doc," says one of his Big Ten colleagues. "I

don't. Maybe I don't understand that kind of dedication. But the people who do understand him include all of his swimmers, and this is what counts, this is what puzzles me. If he is as bad as most people say, I don't see how he could fool the kids."

Many of his fellow coaches denigrate Counsilman. "Doc's hated," says one coach. "He's unethical. I've never heard anybody rooting for Indiana or Counsilman." Another says, "He's almost an eccentric. He can be completely ruthless when it comes to recruiting. I know he shades ethics; everybody's shading it today." Most of this talk smacks of sour grapes. It is a matter of record that Indiana swimmers were not allowed to compete in the NCAA's for three years (1961-64), but that was because of recruiting violations in football, not swimming. Various allegations have been filed against Counsilman and Indiana through the years but, says Doc, "They never came up with anything."

Counsilman's interest in swimming goes back to Blewett High School in St. Louis, where in 1938 he graduated 113th in a class of 116. "I was suffering from a poor self-image," he says. He had been captain of the track team in high school, but after graduation he began hanging around the downtown YMCA, where a coach named Ernie Vornbrock interested him in swimming. "Ernie convinced me that I was human," says Counsilman, "that I could go to college."

Counsilman enrolled at Ohio State in 1941, and at the end of his freshman year he was a national AAU breaststroke champion. But in his sophomore season he was called into the Army Air Forces where he became a B-24 pilot and flew 32 missions before being shot down over Yugoslavia in 1944. For his exploits on that fight he got the DFC.

Returning to Ohio State after the war, Counsilman captained the NCAA champion teams in 1946-47, but he no longer excelled. "I was as good when I came back," he says, "but everyone else was better." Today there is conflicting opinion about Counsilman's relationship with his coach at Ohio State, Mike Peppe. "As far as I knew, we were good friends," says Counsilman. "Mike was never around that much. The kids worked out mainly on their own."

Peppe, now 74 and retired, has dif-

NO POOLING. Mark Spitz is about to test Coach Counsilman in the 100-yard medley.

forent memories. "Counselman was probably the most disloyal kid I ever had," he says. "When he came back he had personal problems, was frustrated, kind of bitter. He couldn't understand why he wasn't any better. He was a big shot, though, with the kids on our team. They all liked his war stories, elected him captain. We couldn't handle him. He thought I was a lousy coach and he told the kids that. . . . Doc was belligerent, traitorous."

After graduating Counselman was an

assistant at Illinois and Iowa. In 1952 he took the head coaching job at Cortland State in New York, and there developed George Breen, who was the first American to break 18 minutes in the 1,500. In 1957 Counselman came to Bloomington and succeeded the late Robert Royer as head coach.

By 1961 Counselman had assembled what he considered to be the finest team in the country, one led by breaststroker Chet Jastremski. But it never got to compete in the NCAAAs because of the football team's recruiting transgressions. The ban was lifted in 1964, but it was too late: most of the top swimmers had gone to other schools and Counselman had to rebuild from scratch.

The groundwork for Indiana's dynasty was laid in 1965 with the arrival of Charlie Hickcox. By the spring of 1968 Counselman had turned him into the No. 1 college swimmer in the country, which Hickcox showed by leading Indiana to its first NCAA title. In the Mexico City Olympics, Hickcox was the top male swimmer with three gold medals and a silver. He was so indebted to Counselman that he became a sort of floating advertisement for Indiana swimming. It was through contact with Hickcox and Indiana's other Olympians that Spitz, Hall and Kinsella first entertained thoughts of going to IU.

Each year Counselman has the use of five full scholarships and, surprisingly, his recruiting method is really no method at all. "It's weird," says Kinsella. "There's no pressure. When I came for a visit, all Doc did was tell jokes." Nevertheless, many of his colleagues cite the Spitz case as the classic example of Counselman's ruthlessness. Before the '68 Olympics, Spitz was considered the personal property of Coach Don Gambrell of Long Beach State. But following his return from Mexico City, Spitz announced he would attend Indiana. Some coaches still accuse Doc of pirating Spitz away from Gambrell, but Spitz says, emphatically, "It was my own initiative that brought me here." Shortly after Spitz enrolled in January 1969 the NCAA decreed that freshmen were eligible for varsity swimming, and Spitz won three gold medals as Indiana took NCAA title No. 2.

The competition for Hall also was fierce. A doctor's son from Garden Grove, Calif., Hall was considered a coach's dream—talented, introspective and in-

telligent. He was sought by the top swimming schools, but Doc's easygoing style won out. "I'm not the type who's too impressed with high-pressure tactics," says Hall. "I finally decided that all the schools were academically suitable, so it came down to swimming." Hall was sold on Counselman's scientific expertise. "I wanted to study physics and relate it to swimming," he says.

Getting Stamm and Kinsella was made easier for Counselman by the fact that both swam for his protégés in AAU programs. Stamm's coach in San Diego was Mike Troy, who became Doc's first individual Olympic gold medalist by winning the 200-meter butterfly at Rome in 1960. When Stamm visited Indiana he liked Counselman, but he also was impressed by the revolving door in the Memorial Union Building. "I had never seen one except in the movies," he says. "When I first went through I got in the same compartment with another guy."

Kinsella's AAU and high school coach at Hinsdale, Ill. was Don Watson, who has known and worked with Doc since the days of the St. Louis YMCA. Kinsella was first brought to Doc's attention when he was 14, and he often went to Bloomington in the summer to work out. Up until the last moment, however, Counselman was afraid that Kinsella might be stolen away by Southern Cal. Counselman remembers well the night that Kinsella called to announce his decision.

Kinsella: "Doc, I've made up my mind, but before I tell you I want you to know that we'll always be friends."

Counselman (swallowing hard): "Oh, so then you've decided on USC?"

Kinsella: "No, I'm coming to Indiana. I just wanted to shake you up."

Kinsella has also had a profound effect on Indiana's swimmers. Says Hall, "John has changed the whole attitude in workouts. He's so much better in practice than any swimmer I've ever known. If I can keep up with him, that's an accomplishment." Too, Kinsella provides the sort of inspirational leadership that Hickcox did. Kinsella was one of the few top swimmers who made the trip to Ohio State in January during exams, a meet the Hoosiers won by a mere 13 points. When Indiana fell behind midway, he announced that he would swim a new event—the 100 free. "I've never lost a meet in high school and I'm not going to lose now," he said. He won the 100.



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When Indiana began practicing last fall the swimming world was curious to see whether four world-class swimmers could compete happily on the same team. Some predicted that in the battle for headlines and records, Indiana's dynasty would sink. But so far everything has gone swimmingly. "There's no friction," says Hall. "We're all so versatile that we don't have to swim against each other all the time. I think working out together helps us all get better." To maintain this camaraderie, Counsilman takes certain precautions. For one, he tries to give each swimmer his due amount of attention, but he also handles each differently. While Kinsella is a tireless worker who never has to be told when or how to practice, Spitz needs to be coaxed, prodded and challenged. And where Hall lives mainly within himself, Sturm is emotional and tends to get easily depressed.

Another way Counsilman maintains harmony is by keeping his superstars from competing head to head in workouts and meets. "I teach them to submerge any aggressive tendencies within the group," he says. "I give them a lot of physical stress but not too much psychological stress. I don't drive them to set records." Nevertheless, egos will be egos, and problems sometimes pop up.

"Early in the season, it's like everybody's good friends," says Spitz, "but now I can begin to feel a little tension. When any of us intrudes on the others' territory, it gets kind of hairy. Like a few weeks ago Gary was getting ready to swim the 200 fly. I asked him how he thought he would do. 'Oh, I just hope to finish,' he said. But I knew he was really thinking, 'I'm going out there and beat your record.'"

"And I think it harks John off when he works out so hard all the time and I work out spasmodically, but we turn in the same times for certain events. Like one day in practice we were swimming 50s side by side. It got so that we were swimming against each other. Every time we'd touch we'd look at the clock to see what the other guy had done. Finally we had to split up and swim on different sides of the pool."

Sometimes, too, Counsilman finds his stars challenging his authority. The other day Spitz announced that he wouldn't get his hair cut before the Big Ten meet, which Indiana won for the 11th consecutive time, compiling a record 601



THIS RARE PHOTOGRAPH CONFIRMS RUMOR THAT COUNSILMAN IS A SLAVE DRIVER

points and setting 11 conference, five NCAA and one American record. "He was mainly just kidding around," said Counsilman, "but they like to test me, too." In these cases Counsilman brings into play some of the principles he has learned by reading such books as *The Human Zoo*. Indeed, he is fond of drawing an analogy between human social relationships and those of beasts. "A baboon does not always dominate because of physical strength," says Counsilman. "What the baboon does is to use psychology, his posture, things like that. It's the same with a coach. I have to dominate without seeming domineering." Spitz got his hair cut.

In terms of morale, Counsilman's most sensitive problems are not with the four stars, but with the group just beneath them. Swimmers such as Peder Dahlberg, Jack Horsley, Pat O'Connor, Larry Barbere and Gary Conelly are good enough to be standouts at almost any school; at Indiana they go virtually unnoticed. "We try to keep from limiting the publicity to our four or five top swimmers," says Counsilman, "and we try to give everyone his share of recognition within the team." Another problem is the NCAA rule that restricts championship squads to 18 swimmers and divers, with a diver counting as half a person. What that means at Indiana is that Counsilman almost surely will have to leave home a couple of swimmers who could earn points in the NCAA's. "This creates a lot of mental anguish for me and some of the boys," says Doc, "but I guess when they consider what it means to be

a part of this team, they decide to take their chances on making the 18-man NCAA squad."

Ironically, Counsilman has reached every swimmer except one—his eldest son, Jim Jr. For the last two years young Counsilman has been a medal-winning breaststroker at the NCAA's, but he went to Europe last summer and didn't return. He is now living and studying in England. Some coaches claim Jim Jr. rebelled against his father's arduous workouts, but Counsilman denies it. "I never felt I pushed Jimmy too hard," he says. "In fact, I possibly didn't push him hard enough. He was confused about today's problems, like a lot of kids. In four semesters he had four majors. He just didn't know what he wanted to do."

Many coaches have convinced themselves that swimming is now in a Counsilman cycle and that the pendulum will eventually swing from Indiana to some other school. "It can't go on forever," says UCLA's Bob Horn. He's right, but the swing is not foreseeable immediately. Only three seniors—none stars—will be lost from this year's team, and Counsilman already seems to have an in with many of the high school standouts. Even Indiana's swimmers are wondering how long Counsilman can keep it up. "Doc is the guy who really has the pressure on him," says Barbere. "He is supposed to have the greatest team ever. Well, what happens if he loses a meet? Then he looks like a dummy."

"Fame and serenity can never be bedfellows," says Counsilman, with as serene a smile as he can muster. **END**

A HOME ON THE RANGE FOR EVERYONE



The battle goes on between those who would protect all animals and those who preach death to predators. If peace is to come, perhaps nature will have to be allowed to take its own course

by JACK OLSEN



What is to be done about the drenching of the West with poison? How can an enlightened citizenry overturn a deeply rooted poisoning hierarchy that has only grown stronger in the face of scientific criticism, that has steadfastly ignored a growing ecological awareness and that is already turning the textured rangelands of the West into a reeking abattoir of dead and dying wildlife and contaminated watersheds?

Those closest to the problem, men like the crusading naturalist Alfred Ester and the politician-conservationist Arnold Rader, agree that a first step must be the elimination of certain persistent myths and legends, some of them central to the poisoning Establishment's rationale. There is, for example, the popular idea that predators, like the coyote, will outlive us all, that no amount of killing will make a dent in the hardy creatures' populations. Most sheepmen stubbornly insist that there are more coyotes now than there were 30 or 40 years ago, despite the poisoning. The U.S. Census Bureau does not count coyotes, nor do many state game and fish commissions. How do you count an animal that has had a millennium of millennia to learn the fine art of roaming the land without being seen? One expert is as expert as another, and the propaganda mills take advantage of the lack of genuine knowledge. Even a devout protectionist like Ester is not entirely convinced that the coyote is playing his last hour upon the stage. "It'll be a long time before coyotes are extinct," Ester says, "but it is possible. We used to say the wolf and the grizzly would never be wiped out in the United States, but we've almost managed to do it."

The elimination of a whole species seems so unpleasantly final—and so thoroughly remote—that most people simply refuse to admit the possibility. Then, subconsciously convinced that it cannot happen, they permit it to happen. While sheepmen and members of the poisoning Establishment talk in wildly exaggerated terms about the multimillions of coyotes on the land, less partisan observers have begun to notice that some areas have been cleared completely of the lit-

continued

the wolves, and other areas seem to be headed in the same direction. The great bulk of people will remain unconcerned, of course, so long as a few coyotes are seen crossing highways at night or are heard occasionally from a distant hilltop in the moonlight. Modern man, despite the unfathomable wonders he has seen, still suffers from lack of imagination, still seems incapable of looking at a steadily dwindling supply of specimen animals and realizing that the end result of such a negative progression must be annihilation.

Similar thought processes—or lack of them—cause certain people to wonder what causes the concern about endangered species like the California condor. After all, they say, there must be 50 or 60 of the big birds; how can they be in danger? It will be time enough to get excited when there are five or six left. In the early 1900s Ernest Thompson Seton estimated that more than five billion prairie dogs lived in the U.S.; today the species has been nearly wiped out, and only a small number of prairie-dog towns remain. In 1810 Alexander Wilson saw a flight of passenger pigeons that he estimated to be 240 miles long and from horizon to horizon, containing some two billion birds. Today there are none.

More numbers are no protection to a species, especially in an era when habitats are sharply dwindling and the earth is being saturated with toxics. It is no consolation that the coyote has been spotted in Los Angeles County when he is no longer seen in thousands of square miles of Western rangelands that once were his normal residence. Random coyotes have been sighted in every continental state except Delaware, but they are seldom seen in their old habitats on the prairies of eastern New Mexico, and Arnold Rieder reports that there are lots of people in Montana who haven't seen a coyote in 30 years. As long ago as the 1940s a Government trapper named John W. Crook was telling his colleagues that poisoning had whipped the coyote in southern Colorado. During the winter of 1946-47 Crook saw one specimen where he used to see hundreds. But the poisoning continued unabated in Colorado. In West Texas a former Government trapper, Charlie Stone, misses the days when "you could go just about anywhere around here and see 15 or 20 coyotes. I'm in the field trapping all the time since my retirement

from the Fish and Wildlife, and I've seen one loose coyote in the last year." Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas returned from a trip to Wyoming and told fellow conservationists that he was shocked by the disappearance of coyotes from that state.

In the race toward the final finish line, many another animal of the American West is providing the coyote with severe competition—propaganda to the contrary. The black bear, which ranges in similar habitat and has similar carnivorous eating habits, almost certainly will die out before the coyote. Charles Orlosky, who worked as a Government trapper in western Colorado, says, "I learned quick that any bear that sets foot on sheep range is a dead bear. Maybe one out of every 25 bears will kill a lamb. Most bears will eat on a dead carcass, but there's damned few of them that will actually kill sheep." Orlosky remembers a case in the San Juan Mountains where a trapper caught 16 or 17 bears and still hadn't caught the sheep killer.

The fox, another animal with eating habits similar to the coyote's, is also disappearing fast in large sections of the country. "They're smart," says Paul Gilbert, an area supervisor for Colorado's Department of Game, Fish and Parks, "but smartness isn't enough anymore. I've seen foxes and coyotes that'll move onto a ridge with a 1080 bait and won't be able to get off because of the deep snow around them. As long as they can, they'll circle away from that bait, but sooner or later starvation drives 'em to it. Animals like that don't have a chance against things like coyote getters and 1080." Even people from the Wildlife Services admit the danger to foxes. "Because the habits of the coyote and the red fox are similar," a bulletin says, "there is no practicable method of controlling coyotes in the midst of foxes on the high mountain sheep ranges in the summer or winter without killing some of these smaller canines." So the smaller canines are killed.

"The kit fox is almost gone in Wyoming," says Game Warden Darwin Creek, "and the 1080 that's killed him off has also killed off the black-footed ferret. Only two or three black-footed ferrets and kit foxes have been seen in the last 10 years by all the wardens and all the biologists and all the wildlife people in the state." According to Creek,

the situation is almost the same with other Wyoming furbearers. "Pine marten used to be thick till they started putting this poison out," the warden says. "Now there's practically none left."

The populations of carion-eating animals—and carion-eating birds like eagles and hawks and vultures—are all trending downward, partly because of 1080 stations and partly because of the drop baits of tallow-covered strychnine. And if a species is included on the poison Establishment's "most wanted" list, the fact that the animal eschews carrion or fallow is no protection. The hunters and their modern gadgetry will prevail. In the last few years there has been a sharp decline in the numbers of bobcats, despite the fact that *Lynx rufus* is like trout or bass—he wants to catch his food on the hoof and seldom will touch anything that he has not killed himself. To destroy this "predator" that annually does no more damage to livestock than domestic dogs, Government trappers revert to the art that once was their pride: steel trapping. It is not difficult to trap bobcats; they are creatures of habit, remaining in the same areas and usually working a single hunting runway over and over. Until recently, when the supply of bobcats began to diminish, Government trappers caught them in droves. Why? A primary reason is that the Fish and Wildlife Service is in several businesses simultaneously, and one of them is the sale of pelts. The bobcat's fur is valuable; hence the concentration on trapping them and the long hours spent in Wildlife Services seminars studying the proper preparation of bobcat skins for market. In Colorado, Government trappers took thousands of bobcats in the years before 1965, but even though the price of bobcat fur continued rising, the kill began to drop, and today the animal is becoming rare.

The question is not when it will be discovered that these populations of native American species are diminishing. Some of the downtrends were known decades ago, and more are being noted each year. Most Westerners are aware that there are fewer and fewer animals, and still they watch inertly, like mice before cobras. Influenced by the soothing pronouncements of the poisoning Establishment, they accept the propaganda that endangered species are not truly endangered, and that coyotes, lions and bears, with their big teeth and

continued

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sharp claws, can hold their own forever against men. The illogic is basic. Predators are not fighting against men but against technology.

Some of the scientists who are opposed to the toxicification of the West go so far as to claim that the broadside attacks on wild animals have served only to magnify the problem of predator loss. Not surprisingly, Alfred Etter is an outspoken advocate of the theory that there would be far less destructive predation if wildlife were left to nature's own systems of checks and balances. His reasoning runs exactly opposite to that of the poisoners, who view the matter in simple arithmetical terms. Says an official of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service: "Look, we know what the stock loss was before we began poisoning. If we eliminated poisons like 1080, the loss would be more than 20% of the herd, maybe 35% or 50%." It would put sheepmen out of business. The coyotes would simply take over."

To ecologically oriented scientists like Etter, this is the grandest fallacy of all, the "big lie" that undergirds the entire poisoning philosophy. The trappers preach that predator control controls predators; Etter insists that it makes the problem worse, and that the poisoners are keeping themselves in business by aggravating the very problems they are hired to solve.

Etter was on the way to this conclusion when he testified before public hearings on predatory animals in 1966. "Where we have starved the coyote," he said, "where we have abused the land, where we have poisoned indiscriminately, killing the coyote's food supply, there we have uniformly encountered increasing reports of predation." Back in Colorado, he pursued the deeper implications of his own statement and began checking records on sheep kills and coyote control. He recalls, "I found that the sheepmen who had used the most control in the past were invariably the ones who complained the loudest about ever-increasing losses. The ratio was direct and almost constant."

The most perfunctory investigation of sheep-country losses seems to substantiate Etter's conclusion. Consider, for example, the two northwesternmost Colorado counties, Rio Blanco and Moffat, where it is likely that more poison has been leached into the soil and more predators put to death than in any area of sim-

ilar size in the world. What has been the result? A sheepman named Hugh Seely speaks at a public meeting: "The thing that disturbs me about this control program is that our losses the last couple of years are greater than they were previously. There used to be winters down on our range when I can't remember losing a single ewe to coyotes. Now this last winter the boys claim they lost about 120 ewes. That's quite a loss out of 3,000 head of sheep. In the summertime we used to lose maybe 75 or 100 lambs a year. Last year we were out over 300 lambs before we shipped in the fall."

Typically, Seely argues that the reason for the increased loss is that there is not enough control, not enough poison is being put on the land. The figures do not bear him out; both public and private poisoning programs are barreling ahead at full speed, and still the losses mount. "We have problems," admits a sheepman named Andy Peroulis. "Since the 1st of June we've lost over 40 lambs in one place. They were killing three and four a night. I don't know whether the coyotes are congregated in that one area or not, but they're thick all over."

But if the coyotes are "thick all over," and the sheep losses higher than ever, what has been the point of the wholesale poisoning of the area? "Well, we've kept the losses from being even higher," an official explains. Says District Field Assistant Gary Rowley, in charge of the local operation in northwest Colorado, "We just keep plugging, and the coyotes just keep on moving in and killing. All we can do is try to keep the losses down to where the stockmen and our cooperators can live with it."

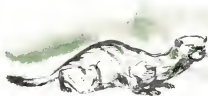
The local situation, in a word, is chaotic. "The first thing that's needed is a fundamental understanding of the coyote," says Alfred Etter, "and very few trappers have this. They're too busy con-

vincing themselves that their poisoning and hunting is in a good cause and their jobs are worthwhile. They insert themselves between the coyote and his natural ways, and their efforts often turn him to killing stock. Then they blame him for being a 'harmful' species and go out and intrude themselves some more. The coyote is normally a territorial animal with a highly developed territorial imperative. By keeping the coyote population harassed and in a constant state of flux, the trapper disrupts his territorial habits and makes him, in effect, into a different animal. This different animal may become a sheep killer, but if he had been left undisturbed in the first place, we would probably never have heard from him."

Etter's theory is based on the hunting habits of the coyote. In *The Clever Coyote*, Government Biologist Stanley Young wrote that "generally, coyotes follow a runway or circuit, often referred to as a hunting route. It may be a combination of trails of game, cattle, sheep, old wood roads, dry washes, swamps, marshes, or ditch banks. . . . The coyote runway may cover no more than 10 miles, and be used throughout its lifespan, providing sufficient food is always available. What causes the animal to forsake old established and localized runways is usually the food factor, or continued persecution." Young did not add the obvious: that a hungry coyote in unfamiliar country might well turn to an easy dinner of lamb.

Etter's own observations led him to go a step farther than Young and other naturalists and to evolve a preliminary theory of coyote territoriality. "It takes a while to establish a territory," Etter wrote in *Defenders of Wildlife News*. "It involves becoming intimately acquainted with an area, patrolling it, depending on it, investing in it. In the case of coyotes, foxes and bobcats, it means learn-

continued



ing the location of quail, pheasant, grouse or turkey roosts, deer yards, prairie-dog towns, pack-rat apartments, kangaroo-rat runs and rabbit forms. It involves seasonal and diurnal knowledge, and familiarity with stalking and escape cover. It involves buried stores, watering places, scent posts and warm south slopes. It may even involve relationships with other animals, as when the coyote tags along with the badger to take advantage of spare rodents flushed from excavated burrows, or with the elk to harvest the mice that are disturbed by grazing. This kind of knowledge makes the difference between the successful "well-adjusted" predator and the desperate itinerant. . . . Poisoning of coyotes, Etter argued, "merely creates a 'vacuum' into which drifting coyotes from other areas may be attracted. Traveling coyotes are probably hungry coyotes. . . .

"Young animals deprived of their parents through control might be equally desperate. It only seems logical that the one thing to avoid in any livestock-protection program would be the creation of desperate, opportunistic individuals or populations. So far as I know, this has never been given a thought in the federal program."

Ael Rowley, former Government trapper in Utah and Colorado, described a case in point that seems to bear Etter out. "Right south of Vernal, Utah, in a place called Kennedy Basin," he relates, "there was a pair of coyotes that I killed their pups every year for nine years. Both the adults were whistle-wise and trap-wise and poison-wise, and the only thing I could do was keep killing their pups. All that time there were sheep on every side of those two adult coyotes, and they never touched a one. They kept right to their own hunting runway and lived on rodents and rabbits. They got so they knew that countryside by the inch, and they'd walk around anything new, like a 1080 station or a cyanide gun. I shot the old bitch coming out of her hole, and a year or so later I got the dog the same way. Well, what do you think happened? With those two out of there after nine or 10 years, I started having coyote trouble with sheep. Right after I killed those two, coyotes went in and killed 25 or 30 head of sheep about two miles north, just before shearing. One day I went out with two of my sons and started calling coyotes with my whis-

tle, and all of a sudden there were three new coyotes in plain sight not 30 feet away. I shot one and the other two got away. Before I'd killed all the new coyotes in that territory, they'd eaten more sheep and driven us all crazy."

"Why did you kill the first pair?" Rowley was asked. "Apparently they weren't doing any harm."

"I had to," the old trapper said apologetically. "That was my job—killing coyotes."

What would happen if all "control" were abandoned and coyotes left to the ways of nature? "They would overpopulate and run the country," says a Government trapper. "There'd be so many coyotes you couldn't see over their heads. It'd be like the old alligator joke—you'd be up to your armpits in coyotes!" The remark was only slightly an jest: the philosophies of most Government poisoners rely heavily on similar overstatements. Asked to explain why coyotes did not "run the country" in all the centuries before the invention of cyanide guns and 1080 and other such control devices, the trapper said, "Things was different then."

But things was not that different. Predators preyed on young coyotes, then as now, and every year pups were carried away and consumed by eagles, great horned owls and even badgers. They still are. The few wolves that remain are not loth to attack full-grown coyotes, and neither are eagles, bears and mountain lions. There have been substantiated cases of gentler species such as antelopes and deer turning on coyotes and attacking them with their sharp hooves. Still other factors limit the coyote population. Bad weather and forest fire can kill a coyote as fast as any other animal, and in years of deep, loosely packed snow the coyote has difficulty getting around and sometimes dies of starvation. Naturalists estimate that in any given year a large percentage of the total coyote population would die off without the assistance of the Wildlife Services but the process would be a natural one—healthy animals would not be removed from their hunting runways in the prime of life, and normal yearlings would have time to develop enough hunting acumen to enable them to make a living off wild prey. Death would come only to the weak, the infirm and aged, instead of to the handsomest young specimens that are now

falling by the tens of thousands to the mass-poisoning program.

"Though history," Alfied Etter says, "the coyote was respected, and in some cases almost deified. At the least, he was ignored, and there is no indication that he caused serious trouble. We are the only society which has harassed him on a large scale, and we are the only society which ever had to spend millions of dollars a year to keep him in check. I suggest that there might well be a connection, and that we should take steps to find out. Nobody knows what would happen if we cut out control overnight, but I think we can make some reasonable speculations."

"First, I think there'd be an abnormal increase of coyotes in some spots, at least until the old territorial feeling was reestablished and the stronger coyotes started eliminating some of the weaker ones, some of the strangers. This wouldn't happen quickly, not with the mess that's been created by the poisoners. But before things got out of hand the coyote populations would settle down in a normal way, and after that the Government trapper could go in and get the specific coyotes doing specific damage."

Etter's theory of the coyote's territorial imperative can be applied to all predators, and it has been around for a few years. There is hardly a Fish and Wildlife Service official who is not aware of it. Mostly, they laugh. "It just doesn't work that way," a district supervisor said. "That Etter may be college smart, but he just doesn't know the ways of coyotes. They're killers, and that's all there is to it. The only thing that keeps 'em from killing off all the stock is our own program, and I'm proud to be a part of it. We don't need any Alfied Etters or any other little old ladies in tennis shoes telling us what to do."

Frustrated by their inability to bring scientific rhyme and reason into the predator-control programs, a few Westerners have declined war. Certain game wardens and park rangers and private citizens are starting to lash out in legal and extralegal ways. There have been a number of confrontations between Government poisoners and private citizens in the last few years, and more than once there has been minor violence. Says Bill Miles, a hunting guide, "Two winters ago I was hunting with my dog, and I saw this Government

trapper running along on a snowmobile throwing out strychnine baits. I quickly called in my dogs and put them in my pickup and then drove crossways on the road and stopped him. We had a big argument. He said he was gonna keep on with the poisoning, and I said I was gonna fight him. He said he was gonna poison the hell out of that whole area, and I said if he did I'd pour fuel oil on his baits and burn 'em up. We had a terrific fight." Did Miles burn the baits later? "That's my business," he insists.

U.S. Park Ranger Harry Ashworth, who narrowly escaped death when he accidentally set off a coyote getter outside Dinosaur National Monument, is one of many federal rangers who have sworn to pull every cyanide gun they see. "And if I ever catch anybody putting one on park property," Ashworth says, "he'll be placed under arrest." Paul Gilbert says he has known several public officials who set off coyote guns intentionally, and some who dig them up and destroy them.

Individuals are joining in the informal battle against the poisoning Establishment. "Down in Oklahoma they were having a war about coyote getters," says Ray Hull, who manages the Humane Coyote Getter, Inc. operation in Pueblo, Colo. "One of my customers wrote me about it. Some rancher wanted to use 'em real bad, and the people didn't want 'em, because they had expensive dogs. They were sabotaging his tractors and burning his fences just like the old days." In Santa Clara, Calif. there are signposts warning that "Anyone from Predator Animal Control Department of Department of Interior caught trespassing will be arrested and prosecuted." In the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming the little war takes a slightly different form, with the Government trappers fighting back. Thousands of elk are fed by the Game and Fish Commission during the winter, and the eager hunters of the Fish and Wildlife Service have been warned repeatedly to stay out of Jackson Hole and away from the predators that live in the elk herd. "But every now and then they'll fly in and fire away," says Warden Darwin Creek, "and then we have to raise hell. They can't seem to get it through their heads coyotes clean up the dead, kill off the dying and the disabled and keep the herd healthy. I guess the only way we're

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gonna get our message across is with anti-aircraft guns." There are some few district field assistants who deplore their own agency's programs and fight as a fifth column. Says one trapper: "I know some guys who dump their 1080. Throw it down a mine shaft or burn it up."

If the little wars of such men seem to be accomplishing next to nothing, then what can be done? Concerned Westerners are pessimistic. "We're in a stranglehold out here," says Paul Maxwell, president of the National Council of Public Land Users. "If we talk a legislator into speaking out, the stockmen's lobbies climb all over him in the next election and get him out of there. If we try to push through some kind of action, we get clobbered by the millions of dollars they can throw against us. If we take a complaint to a governor or a commissioner of agriculture, we find him trembling in his socks about the sheepmen, and then he yesses us to death and does nothing. It's a peculiar situation. The public officials who try to help us almost invariably come from the East. Men like Congressman John Saylor of Pennsylvania and John Dingell of Michigan. The politicians out West are owned by the stockmen. Help will have to come from the East, or nothing will ever change."

If there is a logical point of attack, it would seem to be at the poisoning programs on Government land. American land in the public domain is more than four times the size of the state of Texas, and every acre of it belongs as much to each citizen as it does to the stockman who runs his thousands of close-crop-

ping sheep on them. If these lands are not to be transformed into American Saharas, they must be grazed far less and detoxified once and for ever. But hardly anything is being done. The stockmen remain at the helm.

Only the tainted Western legislatures would put up with such a situation, and only desitized Westerners would sit by idly and watch it happen. One has only to look at the state poison laws—or lack of them—to see the extent to which stockmen have the general public by the throat. There is hardly a state west of the Mississippi in which one cannot buy strychnine or cyanide or even thallium simply by signing for it. Says Mike Simmons, secretary of the Colorado State Board of Pharmacy, "The last poison laws were passed in most Western states around the turn of the century, when the rural areas controlled the legislatures even more than they do now. And almost every state poison law has the same proviso in it. Here, I'll read you Colorado's: 'Nothing in this article shall interfere with the business of those merchants who keep or sell such poisons, acids, or chemicals as are regularly used in agriculture, mining and the arts. . . .' In other words, you can always use it, so long as you're using it in your business. I don't believe one of these laws has been updated in 30 years." There have been a few new laws restricting sale of poisons in pharmacies, Simmons says. "So if you want to poison somebody, just go straight to the feedstore and they'll give you what you need."

Cyanide guns are similarly available

through the West, and even in those states where their use is specifically illegal, one can usually make a purchase at the nearest hardware store, or by mail ordering from Pueblo. Kansas has banned the use of the deadly apparatus since a game warden there almost lost his life to one, but waivers can be issued by public officials. Coyote getters are illegal in Oregon, but enforcement of the state law is almost nonexistent. Washington has a law that "It shall be unlawful for any person to lay, set or use any poisonous or deleterious substances at any place or manner so as to endanger, injure or kill any game animals, furbearing animals, game birds or nongame birds," and Colorado has a game law flatly banning the private use of any poison in the open. Good laws, to be sure, but there have been no prosecutions under either. The poison baiting of carcasses remains legal in Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Idaho, Arkansas, California, Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, Montana and Wyoming, and it is overlooked in most of the states where it is illegal. So long as stockmen remain in control of the advisory boards that administer the outdoors affairs of most Western states, the poison laws will continue to be a tattered patchwork of ineffectiveness.

Meanwhile, the basic questions are all but ignored. Does an industry that depends on the wholesale contamination of millions of acres of our nation deserve to exist in the first place? Is it in the national interest to bring whole species of animal life to the brink of extinction? *Is the sheep industry as precariously organized worth it? Or is there a way to retain both sheep and sanity?*

Within a few decades the last mountain lion will be gone. Bears and bobcats will probably hold out a little longer, because there are many more of them, and the wise and canny coyotes will outlast all the other large predators. But unless there are massive changes, unless the livestock lobbies of the West and the federal poisoners release their strangleholds and give up their myths and prejudices, the day must come when the last weak and sickened coyote will drag himself to his feet and lift his voice to the skies, and there will be no answer. We animals of the earth are a single family, and the death of one only hurries the others toward the final patch of darkness.

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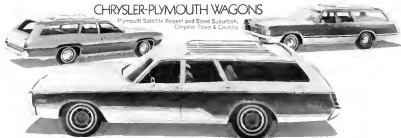


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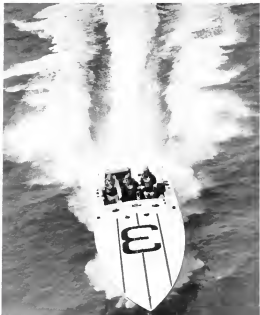


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Because his profession, eye surgery, is very exacting and consuming, seven years ago Dr. Robert Magoon of Miami Beach looked around for a pastime that would relieve the tensions of his workday. After trying several gentle games Dr. Magoon settled on offshore powerboat racing—a strange choice for a man seeking peace of mind.

Look at him now: at the end of a race across 200 miles of rock-hard sea Dr. Magoon and his rivals often stumble ashore as if they had spent the day on Torquemada's rack. On the worst of days, when his howling five-ton powerboat takes off from the steep wall of a head sea, it sometimes carries Dr. Magoon and his mechanic through the air about as far as Deville Wright went on his first flight at Kitty Hawk. If his boat happens to nose into a swell after such a flight Magoon and his mechanic are thrown forward violently and in the next instant slammed backward by a wall of water. If one chine digs in at the end of a hairy leap Magoon's boat may suddenly swap ends. In a trice the stern whips around to where the bow should be, and if Magoon does not have a good grip on the wheel, he is up to sail out of the cockpit like a pebble from a sling.



TRUE LOVE AT FIRST CONTUSION

Dr. Robert Magoon, a noted eye surgeon, tried powerboat racing, and when he stopped hurting he was hooked. Now he is a champion

by COLES PHINIZY



A STORMY WAKE Inside Dr. Magoon as he drives to Key West victory—and another trophy for the Magoons to display in their Miami home.

In the past four years Dr. Magoon has swapped ends and has nosed his boat in a time or two, once so severely that his helmeted head poked a hole in the deck. Yet he claims the sport has done wonders for him. He must be right, for today he is the epitome of composure and good cheer. Dr. Magoon moves from place to place and from one problem to the next in a confident and easy way, laughing and smiling like a country boy who has just come to town and loves it all.

For a man seeking only diversion, Magoon has had remarkable success on the pounding main. In 1968, his second year of offshore racing, he won the national outboard title, and he won it again last year. A new season is just around the corner, in which Magoon is expected to relax with continued success. His fast climb to the top baffles him. "In my practice," Magoon says, "I have always had patients who hope for miracles, but there are no miracles. Some patients I can help and some I cannot. What can I say to the hopeless cases? When I started practice I would take their grief home, and it would build up in me. I took up racing to get away from the tensions of medicine. I really never intended to be good driving a boat, but somehow I got better. I don't know why except that I enjoyed it more and more."

In the hospitals of Miami Beach the orderlies, nurses, interns and volunteer workers follow Magoon's racing career. He is their hero. On the ocean-racing circuit the rival drivers, mechanics and navigators whose ills and wounds he has tended are convinced that if Magoon is not the greatest medicine man of all time, he is at least the equal of Ben Casey.

As he sits hunched over a patient in the operating room, bathed in downcast light and wearing a surgical cap and scrub gown, Dr. Magoon looks for all the world like an old gold cobbler stitching on a worn shoe. Although several of Magoon's surgical tools are quite like a cobbler's, all of them are more exquisite, and the human eyeball on which he works, however worn and old, is a precious thing. When he cuts into an eye Magoon enters a world that barely measures an inch on its longest axis. Inside the eye, around the canal of Schlemm, between the membranes of Descemet and Bowman, and in the limbus between the cornea and sclera, the distances are micrometric and the margin for error is al-

most nil. In the course of an operating day Dr. Magoon may reset a detached retina with a laser beam, transplant a cornea and work other wonders without recognition from his colleagues. But when he wins a 200-mile, open-ocean bash against the world's best drivers, the nurses, doctors and attendants stop him in the halls to shake his hand and chatter congratulations. Dr. Magoon simply shrugs and smiles. "Most medical people don't even know the name of another offshore driver," he says, "so naturally they think I am the best."

During his surgical residency in New York City, Magoon assisted in a caesarean operation on a horse owned by Bob Hope. Out of respect for the ethics of his profession Magoon feels this off-beat incident is the extent to which his surgical career should be publicized. Magoon's cronies on the ocean-racing circuit believe otherwise. He is their doctor. In bistros and at dockside his pals eagerly relate how Magoon once opened the chest and massaged the heart of a victim of cardiac arrest and how he saved the life of a rival pilot whose two arms were nearly severed by the propeller when his boat swapped ends. Magoon just smiles and says, "If I even prescribe the right pill the drivers think I have done something wonderful."

When Magoon started practicing medicine in 1963 he chose fishing as his pastime and bought a Formula 23, a classy hull that on a fair day would take him from his home on upper Biscayne Bay into the Gulf Stream in 10 minutes. Within two years he was ready to give up the fishing as no fun. "I accumulated too many friends who liked to fish," Magoon says. "Every weekend I was getting up at dawn, gassing up the boat and getting it ready, getting the fishing gear together and getting bait, and getting lunch and getting whatever anybody wanted to drink. Then I would spend the day baiting hooks and running the boat. And when we got back, I would put the lines away and clean the boat and clean the fish. Recreation? I was spending every Saturday like a charter captain."

At the time he gave up fishing Magoon and his wife Andrea lived two blocks from Don Aronow, a brawny, gang-bro genius who has worked a variety of wonders but is known best as the master builder and master driver of ocean-racing hulls. The Magoons often went out to dinner and to football games

with Aronow and his wife Shirley. In the course of their socializing Magoon told Aronow if there was ever room for an extra body, he would like to go on an offshore race.

Now Aronow is the kind of Great Enchanter who can lead any Quixote down an errant path, but he would never give a real friend a bum steer. Indeed, early in 1966 when Aronow finally did have room for an extra body in a race called the Gateway Marathon, he showed his friend Magoon the worst the sport has to offer. The Gateway Marathon that year was an elapsed-time race of two 160-mile legs: from West Palm Beach almost due east across the Gulf Stream to Freeport, Grand Bahama and back. Small-craft warnings had been flying for three days, guaranteeing foul conditions. Aronow elected to drive a large hull, weight being of little matter in the big seas. In addition to his mechanic, Pop Meekings, Aronow took Magoon along and also a boatbuilding colleague named Jake Trotter. Ten minutes after they had swarmed out of Fort Worth Inlet into the 10-foot head seas piled up in the Gulf Stream, a dozen of the 33 drivers in the race said to hell with it. An hour after the start a plane flying over the course—sometimes lower than the boats—reported that Aronow had a good lead on the remnants of the race pack, although one of the four men on the Aronow boat seemed to be injured. The ailing man was Magoon, who was not injured at all, merely incompetent. As Magoon remembers it, each time the berseer boat came down out of the air and hit water, if he kept his legs stiff, he could feel ligaments popping. When he flexed his legs to absorb the impact he often ended up in a taboon squat on the cockpit floor.

While Magoon was trying to learn the simple art of survival in the cockpit the V-drive of the port engine failed. Aronow sent Pop Meekings and Jake Trotter forward on the dock, hanging onto ropes, in an attempt to get the boat planning again on one engine. There was no room for Magoon above decks; Aronow sent him up inside the hull. After two hours of tossing around like a bean in a large gourd Dr. Robert Magoon, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S. and A.A.O.O., realized that he was seauck. He crawled back through the bulkheads to the cockpit, seeking air and a lee rail. "I never threw up during the race," Magoon insists

continued

proudly, "but when I got off the boat in Grand Bahama, I was green. In my hotel room I vomited for an hour."

Magoon claims that Aronow forgot that he was inside the hull. "That's what I told Magoon," Aronow now says, roaring sardonically. "but I knew all right. You sometimes have to sacrifice the life of a crewman if you want to win a race."

Magoon swore he would never go on an ocean race again, but he often visited Aronow's boat works in North Miami Beach, where new and better hulls were coming off molds. "I certainly did not enjoy the Gateway Marathon," Magoon says. "but when it was over and I stopped hurting, somehow I fell in love with the idea of racing again." Such was his pent-up love that one day in the spring of 1967, Magoon confessed that he would like to try driving in a race sometime. He blurted out his desire right in front of his good friend Aronow, who immediately exclaimed, "I happen to have a new 23-foot hull that would be perfect for you. With two little outboards on it you can't possibly get hurt."

And so it came to pass that Dr. Robert Magoon made his driving debut in the first running of the Bahamas 500, a gut-busting marathon that wanders across channels and flats and along reefs and spitting rocks in the northern Bahamas. On the eve of the first Bahamas 500 the wind was 20 knots. There were eight-foot seas over the deeps. Across the shallow banks the water was a tangled mess of whitecaps. Next morning 63 boats roared away, a few of them in the wrong direction. What transpired that day and the following night and the following day is best described by survivors as the Little Big Horn of ocean racing. Boats burned, broke up, swamped, wandered astray and ran aground. Jumping off a wave in the black of night one entry landed high and dry on an unknown shore.

Only 20 of the 63 boats survived the first 220 miles to the refueling stop at Nassau on New Providence Island. The first drivers to check in were familiar to the press men in the hot-wire room. In first place was Bill Wishnick, the present national inboard champion; second, Odell Lewis, who went on to win that race; third, Aronow, the lord and master of them all—and so on down to seventh place. The seventh survivor to reach Nassau was an utter nobody named Ma-

goon in a runty 23-foot hull powered by twin eggbeaters.

At the rate the race fleet was disintegrating Magoon probably would have improved his position in the last 300 miles except that—to put it honestly—he also fouled up. At about 10 p.m., while pounding through the moonless night along the southwest edge of the Little Bahama Bank, Magoon ran onto a reef, punching two holes in the hull. Magoon chipped a tooth and bruised a shoulder and thigh. His mechanic, Barry Cordingly, who was on leave from combat in Vietnam, split open his helmet, gashed his face and lost two teeth.

Fortunately the damage to the hull was in a framed-in section around a fuel tank so that a bilge pump could keep ahead of the slow seep. Having drifted well off course into shallow water somewhere, Magoon and Cordingly anchored for the night, saving their fuel for daylight. Next morning when they idled up to the last check boat on the course simply to report that they were still among the living, Magoon and Cordingly got hell for not wearing helmets in a race. On being informed officially that they were still racing they donned their helmets and limped on to the finish at Freeport, Grand Bahama. Of the 16 finishers in the 63-boat field they were 11th across the line, winning a thousand dollars for third place in the two-engine outboard class. Magoon swore he would not race again and inside of two months he was back in a better hull, whereupon he set an odd sort of record: he finished 16 consecutive races. (He is the only driver to finish all four Bahamas 500s run to date.)

Operating in the finite world of the irreplaceable eye Magoon learned not to make mistakes, and he has earned the lesson over into ocean racing. While he has finished a few races ignominiously in the rack, thanks to one gremlin or another, in the memory of his rivals Magoon rarely has goofed. Magoon's mechanic, Gene Lanham—in his own right a verily driver on the inshore circuit—aptly sums up Magoon's talent. "Offshore racing is a lot like greyhound racing," says Lanham. "One rabbit goes out fast and everybody chases him. After I had ridden with him a while I realized that while the rest of us are often only chasing a rabbit, Magoon is thinking."

In 1969, his third year of racing, all kinds of gremlins descended on Magoon, the thinking driver. He was the first outboard finisher in two of the races that counted for the national title, but the most to be said for the rest of his 1969 record is that he never let the same gremlin get him twice.

In 1970 he bounced back in grand style, regaining the national outboard title with four firsts and two seconds in races that counted toward the championship. In the Hennessy Key West race that past November, Magoon drove an inboard hull for the first time and won. Since the Hennessy Key West race each November is the first that counts for points in the following calendar year, for this brief shining moment, at least, Magoon is leading the inboard competition of 1971.

At this high point in his career some of Magoon's admirers seem bored with his ocean racing, so much so that they are now touting him as an almost-instant wonder in another sport. Two years ago Magoon turned to tennis to fill empty weekends and already has acquired a reputation that is more amusing than embarrassing. Although he plays well for a man so new at it, Magoon, because of mild bursts, serves with his arm partly crooked like a chicken wing. Any Roche or Ashe could put his chicken service away with ease. Regardless, according to the most extravagant reports circulating, Magoon is already good enough for the center court in the big time.

To reduce the Magoon tennis legend to bone-hard truth, he has only one tennis trophy. It was awarded to him on his last birthday by his wife Andrea, who paid \$20 for it. It is inscribed: "WIN MAGOON. The Most Improved Tennis Player of 1970."

Recently, hunting for a reason for the acclaim Magoon received early in his racing days, Mechanic Gene Lanham explained, "People just naturally liked him, so they wanted to say something good about what he had done." A few minutes later Lanham unwittingly proved the point. "You probably know," he confided, "that Magoon started playing tennis about a year ago. I've never seen him play, but I understand he's a tiger at it. I don't know whether it's true, but I hear he plays so well they're trying to get him to turn professional."

END

CAR OF THE YEAR.

Motor Trend magazine has named the Chevy Vega its 1971 Car of the Year.

Actually, Motor Trend magazine has named all four Chevy Vegas its 1971 Car of the Year. They say it's because of Vega's engineering excellence, timeliness, styling and overall value. Naturally, we're pretty happy about it. For lots of reasons.

One is the fact that the award came from Motor Trend. Because the people at Motor Trend know cars inside and out. And after testing 10 nominees, they chose our little Vega. Shucks.

Reason number two. This is obviously the year of the little car in the big automotive world. And while there are lots of little cars that could have been Car of the Year, only one is. Ours.

A third reason. We've been saying for months now that Vega is the little car that does everything well. Lucky for us, lots of you took our word for it and bought a Vega. Our thanks.

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Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '82

Manuel Benítez, others (so known as *El Corralés*), was in New York to promote a show in which he will fight a closed-circuit bull. It was his first visit, and the matador gave the city a big *olé*. "I have seen much of the world," he said, "and this is the most fantastic!" Looking down on Manhattan from the Rainbow Room, he mused, "I have fought many times, but in a small terrain. Who knows what would have happened if I had fought here?" We know. For one thing, Manuel, the air pollution would have dropped that old bull long before you got to him. Unless you tripped over the garbage and he got to you first.

British boxers are not allowed to perorate their taxes, and Champion *Henry Cooper's* manager, *Jim Wicks*, is pretty mad about it, remember CSI, Nov. 23, 1970? Well, the matter was finally brought up in Parliament, and Wicks and Cooper were on hand when the written question was submitted: Could professional boxers be allowed to spread income over several years for tax purposes? It was a quick decision. "No," said Treasury Minister *Terry Higgins*. Treasury Minister *Terry Higgins*, by the way, happens to be a former Olympic runner. Avery Brundage would have been proud of him.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S., we've got *Brooks Robinson*. He is pretty mad because he's being taxed on the value of the Hickok Belt, estimated at a quick \$10,000. "It should be tax free," Brooks says indignantly. "Like the Nobel Prize."

Playwright *Arthur Miller* lives in Roxbury, Conn. and when public hearings were held on the Connecticut Light and Power Company's proposal to string 70 miles of 345,000-volt transmission line across western Connecticut's unwilling highlands,

Miller was right there to read a statement. They didn't have time for him. Next day, however, he did get to say, "The question, I think, is how much landscape you are ready to destroy for how much progress. The hills of Connecticut, the soil and trees, took many hundreds of millions of years for nature to create. Is it too much to ask that more than four months be set aside to consider before we irrevocably destroy what took millennia to build? It is hard enough to see the ruin of beauty when the life of the people makes it necessary, but it is unpardonable when it is done because not enough time and money and passion went into its avoidance." Miller concluded, bowing to another author, "Let planning take on the vision of Emerson's most practical observation, 'The sky,' he wrote, 'is the daily bread of the eyes.'"

★ That hefty gentleman all suited up to work out with *Mike Epstein* of the Senators turns out to be *Kapone McCarthy*, an ex-Senator himself (from Minnesota). "He's got a chicken arm,"



pronounced *Ted Williams*, after watching the former Great Soo League first baseman in action. American League President *Joe Cronin* also got into the act. "Cronin went back and looked up my batting average," says McCarthy, "and pointed out that I wasn't much of a hitter." Unruffled, McCarthy observed, "For one thing a man expects you to take his word when he says he was a good hitter. And besides, there's no way he could have looked up my average. The Great Soo League handles its records much like the Senate handles election expense statements: after two years they are buried."

◆ No, officer, don't arrest that funny-looking fellow springing through the gates of Ottawa's Government House. He is none other than *Pierre Trudeau*, Prime Minister of the place, and a recent bridegroom, as everyone knows. That figure. Only a wife could talk a man into wearing a cap like that one.

World Cup Champion *Gustav Thöni* seems to be in no immediate danger from *Cliff Eastwood*, the fastest gun—and slowest ski—in the West. The movie cowboy signed in for this very important race called the Benson & Hedges 100's Celebrity Pro-Am International Ski Races Sanctioned Dual Challenge meet (Janet Leigh, Hostess) and, quicker than it takes to stumble through the name of the thing, he stumbled through the thing in the giant slalom. Eastwood set a new world record by falling 50 times. But he finished fast, standing up—and then wiped out a snow fence and a couple of spectators.

This week's best job opening is the presidency of Brigham Young University, where pop-py little *Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson* has just resigned. His will be a tough act to follow: Wilkinson



is a faithful Cougar fan and expects his successor to be the same. No problem. But he also has let word out that he expects any red-blooded president to be able to match his age in daily push-ups. In fact, Wilkinson spontaneously jumped into a recent basketball halftime show and did just that, while the student body counted them off, 71. Now, then, if the applicants will just remove their coats . . .

The Wick's Sporting Divorce.

In Seattle a husband proposed a \$300 monthly alimony settlement, but his wife got it increased after she submitted an affidavit describing hubby's ski-resort home. "The sunken master bedroom has a small but deep bathing pool," she said. "There is a trout pond in a corner of the room fed by a natural stream. The bedroom even has wine and beer on tap."

Case closed. Alimony boosted to \$450 a month. Husband retains custody of the trout.



STRIKING a serious note before their carefree romp in the NAIA finals, Kentucky State's Smith (25) and teammates review game plans with Coach Louis Mitchell.

A most conventional win for the Thoroughbreds

Downtown Kansas City swells and shifts with the passing of conventions. Last fall it was the Shriners riding motorcycles through the go-go parlors on 12th Street. In February it was the 8,000 chicken pluckers of the American Poultry Association attending lectures on the latest methods of butchering and packaging fowl. Last week representatives from 200 Indian tribes gathered at the Continental Hotel to hear a speech by Spiro Agnew, and just a block away, at the Muehlebach Hotel, Minnesota Fats shot pool and Rona Barrett spread Hollywood gossip before a group of movie-theater owners. But attracting far greater interest than any of these was a week-long program at the Municipal Auditorium. It was a frantic happening, college basketball's oldest, most grueling event—the NAIA tournament. For six days 72,500 people watched a field of 32 district winners eliminate each other until there was one. The process consumed some 50 hours of playing time and included three days

when it was possible to watch games, nonstop, from 9:30 a.m. to midnight.

A parade of teams suited up in seven hotels surrounding the auditorium and walked through a network of tunnels and an underground garage to the basketball floor. Among them was Ohio Dominican, a school of 750 students located in Columbus, Ohio. Just six years ago OD was called St. Mary of the Springs and had no basketball team. SMOTS had only girls. On Tuesday afternoon Ohio Dominican was roughed out of the tournament by huge (18,000) Eastern Michigan 119-81. In the crowd that watched was a high school freshman from Pittsburg, Kans., named Danny Barone. He arrived early in the morning with his lunch wrapped in a paper bag, and he said, "We're just going to sit, eat and go to the rest room." Which is the only way at the NAIA.

By midnight the field had been reduced to 16 teams, and an announcer, who had spent the winter working hockey games, began referring to games as

matches and fouls as penalties. By midnight the wife of a Kansas City landscape gardener looked at her watch and said, "They're still playing. We should all be arrested for loitering."

The late hours have always provided the tournament with entertaining characters. Two years ago there was Ernie Fortney of northern Montana. Just discharged from the Army, Fortney weighed 230 pounds, including a prominent belly. He plodded his way around the floor and was so exhausted by the second half of one game that he rested against the backboard support during foul shots. Somehow, though, he managed to score 30 points and win a standing ovation.

This year the character was Coach Robert Wachs of Northern State (Aberdeen, S. Dak.). Minutes into the game against Stephen F. Austin, Wachs established himself as the most frantic coach in basketball. He swayed in his chair; he pulled at the sleeves of warm-up jackets; he clubbed an adjoining seat

enraged



You spend years saving for a big vacation. A pickpocket spends years learning how to ruin it.

Finally, you're going on that big vacation. The children are staying across the street, the dog and the goldfish are all taken care of, and you're at the airport and on your way to see America—at last.

Naturally, you have plenty of money with you—enough to really do this trip right.

The pickpocket applauds your decision. He's spent years learning his trade. His training program includes practice with a dummy figure with bells on each of its pockets. When he gets good enough to open the pockets and remove a wallet *without jingling the bells*, he figures he's ready for you.

And he is.

He's so good, in fact, you probably can't keep him from picking your pocket. But you can keep him from ruining your vacation. By carrying as little cash as possible. And protecting the rest of your money with American Express Travelers Cheques.

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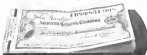
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HIGH-ROARING SMITH easily gets the jump on Eastern Michigan's McIntosh, a mere 6' 7".

with a knotted towel, he slapped his hands together with exaggerated flourishes; and he called time-outs by flapping his arms bird-fashion. All while State was beaten soundly 99-62.

The NAIA tournament was created in 1937 by Emil Liston, athletic director of Baker University in Baldwin, Kans., and Dr. James Naismith, the game's inventor. They wanted to determine which of the Midwest's small colleges played basketball best. Eight teams showed up for the first tournament. There are 558 member schools now and conference and district championships to determine the 32 finalists.

The early tournaments were always

fun, which accounts for the event's staying power. The big jump in attendance, however, came with the admission of black schools. Jim Walker broke the NAIA color barrier and led Indiana State, coached by Johnny Wooden, to the championship in 1950. Three years later Tennessee State became the first black school in the tournament, and the next year it went all the way—from a hotel in the Negro section of the city in 1953 to a downtown hotel in 1954. It was not long before names like Dick Barnett, who led State (then called A&I) to three straight titles, Willis Reed from Grambling and Pan American's Lucious Jackson attracted national attention.

By the late '50s and early '60s the KC Junior Chamber of Commerce was able to sell out half the auditorium before the field of teams had been determined. Hundreds of tickets went to farmers from hamlets like Bonner Springs, Kans. and Keytesville, Mo., who planned to spend a one-week vacation watching basketball. Local people were as enthusiastic. Businesses closed down during tournament week, office pools were created and the Jaycoes exchanged as much as \$100 for the privilege of sitting on the bench with a seeded team. "The tournament became a status symbol," said Mike Kilcennan, a Kansas City lawyer. "People went around boasting that they had watched all 32 games."

The importance of the NAIA to professional teams has skyrocketed. There was a time when only three or four scouts attended the tournament. One of them once made short work of the affair. He watched as two teams removed their sweat suits and said, "No bodies here, let's eat."

By last Wednesday 35 scouts, coaches and general managers had visited this year's tournament. They were drawn by the presence of eight bodies: Mike Raliff, Eau Claire State; Kennedy McIntosh, Eastern Michigan; Mike Gale, Elizabeth City (N.C.) State; Fred Hilton, Grambling; James Silas, Stephen F. Austin, and Elmore Smith, Travis Grant and William Graham, all of Kentucky State. "Yesterday four of them stunk the place up," said one NBA scout. "But the beauty of this tournament is that these guys play four or five games in a row so I can get a long look and see how they recover."

Pete Newell, the San Diego general manager, watched the constant flow of

players during the opening two rounds. "After a couple of days it begins to look like the same two teams leave, change uniforms and come back," Newell said. "I'm starting to go stir crazy." On Thursday, when Kentucky State beat Grambling 93-81, the tournament sorted itself out. It was apparent that the Thorobreds would repeat as NAIA champions. "Nobody can touch us," Coach Lucius Mitchell said after the game. "We've got Elmore Smith, and all the scouts know how fantastic he is. Travis Grant has to be the best shooter in college. Has to be. And then there's Graham who's sooo quick, and sooo underrated. They are the best frontcourt in college basketball. When we finish we're hoping for a bid from the NIT." The bid, alas, never came.

Early in the week Kentucky State players, along with most of the others in the tournament, spent their free time socializing at the Bellevue Hotel with 1,700 students from Eau Claire State. The Wisconsin students established themselves as the most enthusiastic group to arrive in town since 20 hitchhikers from Cedarville College in Ohio marched off to a commercial blood bank in 1964 to give enough pints to pay for their tickets. Eau Claire's partisans just drank beer, enough to fill the Bellevue to the scuppers with beer cans. "After a while the hotel manager gave up on us," said head cheerleader Bill Bolden. "The athletic director won't admit it, but we're a party school. That's why the other teams here hate to see us lose."

On Friday night, with beaten Eau Claire departed, Travis (Machine) Grant scored 39 points and Smith blocked seven shots to send the Thorobreds past Elizabeth City 104-91 and into the finals. The auditorium turned soul on Saturday. As 200 State enthusiasts sang spirituals laced with chants ("Don't be so mean, Machine" and "Big E, bad as you want to be") Grant responded with 43 more points and Smith managed 15 rebounds. When the 'Breds put Eastern Michigan and the tournament away 102-82 their followers danced on the court.

And then it was time for another Kansas City show. Out went the basketball players, out went the Indians and theater owners. And in came the dogs. Lots of them. They were already barking at the Municipal Auditorium, Heart of America Dog Show, you know.

END

Two things
tell you much about
a man...

One is
his scotch.

Forgive the Scots if they talk a bit
too reverently of their scotch. But it is their
life and love. And they do have a point.

Let's face it, you should be proud
of the label...on the bottle...of the scotch...
on your bar.

And Pipers never forgets that.
Pipers is finer; Pipers tastes better.
Pipers is the scotch you can ask for proudly,
enjoy proudly, serve proudly.
Thank you, Scots.

100 Pipers

It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.





Catch it, net it, put it in your pocket

Fishermen go gaga over gadgets. Little things endlessly entertain them: flies, hooks, lures, reels, pliers, creels, knives, all those compartmented clear-plastic boxes full of stuff. Fishermen rattle and clink when they move. Fishermen are walking hardware displays.

The fishing jacket on these pages is designed to help them carry even more. Admittedly, it is not for everyone. Aboard a sport-fisherman after marlin, it would be needlessly bulky; on a bonefish flat, the wearer would likely roast. But for a streamside fisherman or a small-boat man, it works. The idea could only have come from a mad angler: Senior Editor Robert H. Boyle—conservationist-author, guardian of the Hudson River, scourge of sea and shore. Heid Ski and Sports Wear, Inc. evacuated it and will sell the coat this spring on special order. Enthusiast Boyle, the pipe smoker in navy at left, demanded no fewer than 17 pockets, including one on each sleeve. Extra flies can be hooked to the sheep-skin patches over each breast pocket. A tape measure runs down the inside of one sleeve—net the fish, measure it, then pop it into the snap-on, rubber-lined fanny-pack creel. Wrists are elasticized, the bottom can be snugged tight and there is a hidden hood. A harness in front serves to support the rod butt when fighting big ones. Four prototype jackets were tested: by Boyle; Jack Felth, veteran Cape Cod fisherman, also in navy at top right; John Clark, curator of The New York Aquarium, in yellow; and Harry Durbee, one of the nation's foremost flytits, in green. Their expert verdict: at last, the compleat coat.

—JULE CAMPBELL



Boyle started with sturdy nylon duck, added rainproof nylon zippers and sealed all pockets with snaps, Velcro or both. Various tabs and loops hold tools, thermometer, pliers, the epaulets

secure binoculars or camera; the knit collar is washable. The coat will be produced in green, yellow, and navy and will sell on a custom-made basis for \$190, with delivery in three to four weeks.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY YOUNG



And on the other side: a shoulder gunner to hold a travel rod, an easy-to-reach elasticized net holder and—of course—more pockets. (Still two more pockets inside the jacket will hold sunglasses,

wallet and license.) The snap-on creel is handy for stream fishermen. The Bob Boyle fishing coat may be ordered from Osborn & Ulland, Inc., Seattle, and Streeter & Quarles, New York, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN S. ZIMMERMAN



Villanova's tough band of runners, led by Marty Liquori's blistering double in the two mile and mile (above), won the indoor NCAA's

All Easterners aren't effete

Villanova, they're beautiful. They come in with one ticket: guts. They stand up and look you in the eye, although outnumbered about 10 to one and with blisters peeling the skin off both feet, and they say, laddies, out of our way or you'll have spike marks up your spines. Last weekend they mustered at the NCAA indoor championships in Detroit, and on paper Jumbo Elliott's handful of Wildcats figured to finish no better than third. Villanova? Against the power of Wisconsin, the muscle of Kansas, the talent of the University of Texas at El Paso, the speed of USC? You've

got to be kidding. The Wildcats had only enough limping wounded to enter seven events.

So much for tangibles. You don't score any points with those. The stopwatch doesn't know a kid running in pain from a marble statue, and whoever hits the tape first wins, and an unemotional voice over the PA announces the next event.

As the voice boomed on the first day of the two-day competition, calling the field for the two-mile final, Marty Liquori, Villanova's trump card, smiled, shrugged and stepped to the starting line. Just an hour earlier he

had breezed a 4:06.7 to qualify for the mile final the next day.

"We're hoping that Marty can get a third place," said Elliott, jotting a number in a notebook. The number was six, which is what you get when you win. Third place is worth three points. "It's asking a lot of him to double with only an hour's rest," Elliott looked at Liquori who was waiting for the starting gun. It was the look of a man watching his son about to attack an enemy bunker single-handed. "Can you believe anyone asking Marty to settle for third place in anything?" Elliott said.

A few days before the race Liquori had wanted to run only the mile. Before Jim Ryan's comeback, Liquori had been America's premier miler. Then, a month ago at San Diego, Ryan had tied the indoor record (3:56.4). Going into Detroit, Liquori had only one thought: break that record. Until Elliott called him aside and talked to him.

"I really didn't like the idea of doubling until Jumbo went over our possible scoring with me," Liquori said. "I'll still be embarrassed if I lose the mile, but I have to look at it this way. Very truthfully, I've won so many races I've forgotten most of them. If I win another one, or another two, it won't matter that much. I'll forget it one way or another in a week. I don't live in the past. But there are the other guys. For someone who isn't lucky enough to run a sub-four-minute mile, the team championship will mean something. If I can help them say they are members of a national championship team, then that's something else. And here's me, only wanting to run the mile and go for the record."

"Which record?" someone asked.

"Oh, any record," Marty said.

Figuring Liquori to be spent from his mile heat, last year's two-mile winner, Jerry Richey of Pitt, opened with a searing pace. "He was trying to psych me out," said Liquori later. "I figured someone would."

Wayne Vandenburg, the youthful, exuberant UTEP coach, had to hush at that. Vandenburg, whose team was very much in the running for the championship, has patterned his clubs somewhat after Elliott's. "You don't psych out those kids of Jumbo's," he said. "The backbone of his team is those tough-minded, Eastern-type kids who'll die before they let you beat them. Kids like

Kids like

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Liquori. The type of kids we're looking for, the ones who know they're better than anybody they're facing and will bust their guts proving it. That Jumbo, when he talks, I listen. I may not agree all the time, but I sure will spend a lot of time thinking before I disagree. I love and respect that man, but I'd rather beat him than eat for a week."

To beat Jumbo, or anyone else, Vandenburg had a lot of tough-minded kids going for him, too. Early on the first day of competition his shotputters had finished 2-4, splitting Kansas' expected sweep and picking up six points for UTEP. It was Vincent Monari, out of Brooklyn, who had provided the surprise by finishing second with a toss of 65' 8 3/4", just three-quarters of an inch behind Karl Salby.

"Does he get himself psyched up?" said Vandenburg. "A half hour after the shot was over he was sneezing like a lion, running up and down, punching walls. I said, 'Relax.' He said, 'I can't.' The adrenalin is still pumping. And to think we almost didn't give him a scholarship. My assistant said he was nothing."

John Korky, the assistant, bristled. "Hey, cut that out," he said. "I was still a high school coach when I saw him. And he was a skinny kid with terrible technique. Now he weighs 270. Last year when I came to UTEP, I said, 'Is that Monari?' He looked like Superman. I figured he was a total transplant. They took everything out and replaced it with muscles."

"No," said Vandenburg, "he's just a Villanova kid in Texas. He wants to win so badly he'll break four legs doing it." Which, picking up the two-mile run, is almost what Liquori did, winning it in 8:37.1 after Richey faded. Instead of four broken legs Liquori came up with four blisters, two on each foot. "But they aren't functional blisters," he said. "They hurt, but I can still run."

In the meantime, Vandenburg and Elliott were watching Wisconsin, which had come into the meet with the most solid scoring potential. The Badgers were counting particularly on some big points from Grape Juice Johnson in the long jump.

"I guess I'd better go see what Grapefruit is doing," said Vandenburg, wandering off to the pit where Danny Brabham, the one-man Baylor team, was jumping. "Poor Danny," said Vandenburg. "Here all alone with no coach.

Hey, Danny, I noticed on your last jump you . . ."

Brabham finished second, Johnson fourth, which was worse than expected. "I feel sorry for the poor guy," said Vandenburg. He felt sorry for himself, too. The word came down from the officials: Vandenburg, put one foot on the track tomorrow and your team will be disqualified. Vandenburg has a tradition of emotional encroachment.

"Yeah, I got the word," he said. "I'll sit up in the stands but, darn it, this upsets me. I want to be down with my kids. I'm no spectator. These are my kids and I want to be where they can hear me. There are too many old guys sitting up in the stands making up stupid rules."

At the end of the first day Villanova and Kent State were tied for the lead with 10 points. Wisconsin and Kansas were next with nine apiece, then came UTEP with six. Six of Wisconsin's points resulted from Mark Winzenried's win in the half-mile over Villanova's Chris Mason, whose left foot was more blister than skin. Going into the second day, Wisconsin looked like a lock.

"We've just got to win this," said Winzenried, who was scheduled to anchor the Badgers' sparkling two-mile relay team. "A championship would be something. You go to the West Coast or to the East and tell them you're from Wisconsin and all you get are blank stares. People always talk about Villanova and Kansas. We've always been one notch below. This year, this year I think we're one notch above."

They weren't. "You try to figure out points in a meet like this and you'll go nuts," said Jumbo Elliott. "It's like shooting craps. All you can do is throw the dice and see what numbers come up." Wisconsin threw the dice in the two-mile relay and they came up snake eyes. On the second leg Drake's Steve Johnson bumped into Michigan's Eric Chapman, who put out a hand to defend himself. Johnson went sprawling onto the track. Wisconsin's Chuck Baker tripped over Johnson and followed him to the boards. "I thought I was around him," said Baker. "But then he rolled over and stuck up an elbow and I caught me in the leg."

Winzenried, who would never get to run the anchor, walked from the track with tears in his eyes. "What a stupid, terrible way to lose," he said. "We had

it won and now we're dead. Just think what this would have meant to the freshmen and sophomores."

Michigan's Chapman came over and apologized. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "But he bumped into me and I was just trying to get him away from me."

Winzenried nodded and Chapman left. "That helps a lot," he said. "Aw, it wasn't his fault. Lord, I feel like running. It's inside me trying to get out. And now I can't do a thing."

"The pole vault is still going on," someone said. "Grab a pole."

"I said I felt like running," said Winzenried, smiling a little. "I didn't say I wanted to kill myself."

As UTEP went on to win the two-mile relay Wisconsin Coach Bob Brennan watched sadly. "The gods just weren't with us," he said. "Baker went four feet into the air trying to get over that guy. Then the kid stood up. It just wasn't meant for us to win."

At the moment it looked as though UTEP was meant to. Vandenburg's team had picked up three points in the hurdles, a quarter of a point in the high jump, two points in both the pole vault and the 1,000, plus the six in the relay. UTEP's total was 19 1/2. Villanova, with 13, still had Liquori in the mile, plus the mile relay.

Liquori won the mile in 4:04.7, completing a double accomplished only once before—by Jim Ryan in 1968—and Villanova had 19. The mile relay was announced. It was the final event.

"Hey, Wayne," Elliott said to Vandenburg. "Will you tell your assistant to stop screaming for all those other teams to beat us? He's doing it in my ear and I'm going deaf."

"He can't help himself," said Vandenburg. "All those guys running against you, they're brothers of his fiancée. She's got a lot of brothers."

"Well, tell him to go someplace else and root for her sisters," said Jumbo. Then he settled back and watched his relay team, which only needed to place fifth to win the meet, wrap it up with a third, giving the Wildcats 22 points. With his double, Marty Liquori had tied or beaten 111 of Villanova's 113 rivals.

"Someday," said Vandenburg, watching Elliott cross the infield to accept the championship trophy, "I'm going to beat him. All I need is one more tough-minded Eastern kid." He sighed and added, "Like Liquori."

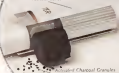
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The legend is that Ichabod Crane disappeared one eerie night in Sleepy Hollow, his lank, loose frame flapping as he faded away, his whereabouts evermore a subject of speculation among those taken by witchcraft and general devilment. Lately, in another of the old colonies, the Commonwealth of Virginia, a man has appeared whose presence might put an end to the mystery. His head, so thin that it could have been compressed by several hearty whacks from the flat of the Headless Horseman's sword, teeters precariously on the tip of a long, narrow neck. As he moves about, speedily, his protruding Adam's apple bobs and his gangling arms beat the air like the wings of a large bird. His name is Charlie Scott and, while he is every bit as loose-jointed and elongated (6' 6", 175 pounds) as old Ichabod, the resemblance ends there; he is a long way from disappearing into the night. As a matter of fact, Charlie Scott has led the Virginia Squires to first place in the American Basketball Association's Eastern Division by displaying more tangible assets than any other rookie in either professional league.

Next season was supposed to have been the Squires' year. Formerly the Washington Caps, and before that the Oakland Oaks, the team was hastily transformed last summer into a regional franchise operating in Norfolk, Richmond, Hampton and Roanoke. During the off season two highly talented but injury-prone and controversial players—Rick Barry and Warren Armstrong—were traded away for first-round picks in this year's college draft. According to Owner Earl Foreman's plan, the new stars Virginia selects in the draft would join with Scott to give his team the 1972 ABA championship. Foreman's timing would have been perfect because the Squires are due to move into three new arenas next year.

Only the handsome 10,000-seat Hampton Roads Coliseum, a cupcake-shaped structure of glass and concrete surrounded by fountains and a small tidal basin, has provided Virginia with a home court glittery enough to match the team's performance this season. The Squires' other "home" games have been played in a retired trolley-car barn in Richmond, in a small college gym in Norfolk where eating, smoking and drinking are prohibited and in a cramped 6,500-seat hall near Roanoke. These inadequate facili-

ties are largely responsible for Virginia's attendance being well under 5,000 a game.

At the beginning of next season the other three cities will have arenas similar to Hampton's, but by then the Squires' carefully drawn plans for winning the title in 1972 may have to be changed to defending it. Before a mild, late-season slump—not unexpected, since Virginia was under no pressure after building a 10½-game lead over the second-place Kentucky Colonels—the Squires had the best record in the ABA. In the playoffs that begin in two weeks only the rapidly improving New York Nets seem likely to threaten Virginia's chances of making the finals. The Western Division representative in the championship round should be either Utah or Indiana, which have engaged in a season-long battle for first place. Against either team Virginia will be the underdog, but underdogs have won before.

Along with the instant maturity of Scott, who leads the team in assists and scoring (27 points a game), the Squires' unplanned success is a result of balance and depth—the latter highly unusual in the ABA—and the low-key coaching of Al Bianchi. A brawling backcourt man for 10 NBA seasons and a bawling coach in both leagues for three years prior to this one, Bianchi has calmed down considerably. He has cut his technical fouls in half and has yet to be ejected from a game, a regular occurrence in the past. He sets few rules for the Squires and rarely harangues them. Forward Neil Johnson, who played in the NBA under Dick McGuire in New York and Red Kerr in Phoenix—two coaches who lost their jobs supposedly because they failed to maintain team discipline—feels Bianchi has struck a fine balance. "Al tries to psych us with kindness," Johnson said. "He doesn't yell a lot. We have serious talks, more like teaching situations. Al is a nice guy, but you can't mess with him. He does get mad and he will yell. One of the few rules he set was that we aren't supposed to drink on planes. Well, one guy had a drink and Al found out about it and fined the guy \$200. It's from incidents like that that everybody knows he can be tough."

Bianchi has toughened Virginia in other ways. Last season, as the Caps, the team had the worst defensive record in the league. At this year's training camp Bianchi installed an aggressive team de-

Charlie is their darling

Down in Virginia, anyway, as he leads the scrappy Squires toward a title a year ahead of schedule



continued

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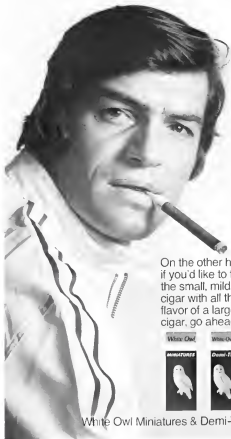
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ferse similar to the New York Knickerbockers', and the Squires now have one of the league's best to go along with their ABA-leading offense. But Virginia's defense is not limited to swiches, double-teams and traps, there also have been punches, gouges and a few hammerlocks, which have gained the Squires a reputation as the scrappiest team in the league. They established that claim at Indianapolis early in the season. With the Squires ahead by 21 points in the second quarter, a shoving match between the Pacers' Mel Daniels and Virginia's Mike Maloy broke out under the basket. Before it all cooled down, 10 policemen and nine squad cars were used to cart Bianchi, Scott and Center Jim Eakins off to jail on charges of assaulting police officers and resisting arrest. The three Squires say that the police entered the melee on the side of the Pacers. When the police attempted to sweep the suspects off to the station house while the game was still in progress, they refused to go. Their case was due to be heard in Indianapolis this week.

"If I can keep my team out of jail, we should do all right in the playoffs," says Bianchi. Resisting arrest is not his only problem. Reserve Center Ray Scott, who jumped from the NBA to the Squires this year, must go to court to hear the final disposition of his contract about the time the final round begins. Charlie Scott has a case pending in Norfolk concerning a hassle with a policeman about a parking violation.

It would have been more in character had Scott been nabbed for speeding. He is an extraordinarily quick player. His speed and jumping ability more than offset his slender physique and have made him a ranty among All-Americans—a player who is even more productive as a pro rookie than he was in college. Scott played most of his organized basketball at prep school and college in North Carolina, but the essence of his game is straight out of Harlem, acquired on playgrounds with names like The Pit and The Battle-ground. It is a penetrating, passing, moving game, the prototype from which the whole pro style developed. Scott plays it particularly well, easily absorbing the special pressures of breaking in as a guard. His adaptability, aided by those Ichabodian limbs and limberness, make him the best all-round player among all the new professionals. **END**

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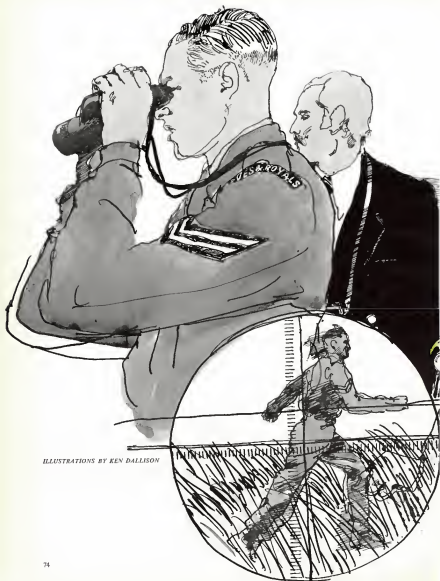
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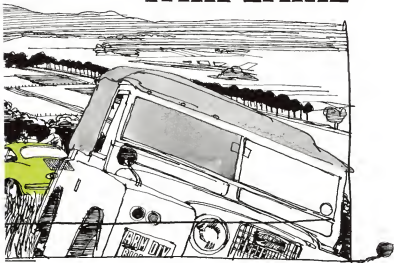
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MAN IS FAIR GAME



*There will always be an England—even in Germany, where conduct becoming
a gentleman is still expected of a Briton* by CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED

Captain Wilkinson was talking: "So we heard these things making a beautiful noise going through the woods, hunting Lady Rosemary Brudenell Bruce's old gamekeeper, and at one stage we ended up behind a road sweeper walking along with all his brooms and shovels and things. 'Well,' we thought, 'this is ideal.'"

The sunlight slants through the tall windows of an ex-*Luftwaffe* barracks in Detmold, Germany picking out portraits of 19th-century cavalry heroes as, mounted high on black stallions, they gaze fiercely at scenes of carnage from Waterloo to Balaklava. They are the proudly remembered military ancestors of the Blues and Royals, a regiment of the British Army of the Rhine. A trooper in dark blue with gold facings brings more sherry on a silver tray. "Champagne?" someone suggests to me as an alternative. It is 10.30 in the morning.

Captain Wilkinson continues: "It really does keep us busy out here. What would we do without the hounds?" He answers his own question. "Banging along, I suppose, glass in hand, just as we're doing now."

Banging along is a pleasant occupation, though, as we sit in deep armchairs in the anteroom of the officers' mess contemplating the day's sport ahead of us. "The great thrill," says Captain Wilkinson, "is when the hounds first find. Then there's a huge cry and you're away. It goes right through me. When the hounds speak, that's gorgeous. That deep, deep boy. Straight out of Sherlock Holmes. That noise—it does something to everybody who hears it."

"Remember Trooper Johnson?" reminisces Captain Stringer. "He was so hypnotized he had to stop and listen to them, then he realized, 'Jove, I've got to get moving, they're coming after me.' Then they closed in on him."

"Do you ever do the quarry bit yourselves?" I ask carefully.

"Well, not actually," says Captain Stringer. "Usually it's one of the grooms."

"And what makes a good quarry?"

"Well, ha-ha, ideally it's a fellow that hasn't washed for a couple of days. You can always tell. The hounds go faster and they usually catch him. Kill aboveground, as we say."

Hunting—that is, hunting in the British sense of the word, meaning pursuing a quarry with hounds and specifically excluding shooting—has its own special bible, a reference work called *Buly's Hunting Directory*. In it one can read about posh hunts like the Beaufort or wild packs like the Galway Blazers (Master: John Huston) or exotic hunts like the one that claims the whole of Mexico as its territory. Toward the end of the volume, under *Other Hunts of Europe*, is

a listing for the Weser Vale Bloodhounds, Joint Masters: Captain William A. Stringer and Captain Richard C. Wilkinson, both of the Blues and Royals.

The Blues and Royals are a renowned regiment. In London they stand ceremonial guard at Whitehall, with gleaming breastplates and helmets, mounted on black chargers. Just a few of them, that is, for the main strength is in Germany, manning Chieftain tanks. The struggle to prize the regiment from its horses was won with considerable difficulty in the 1930s. But this has not prevented it from retaining ranks like corporal of horse (equivalent of sergeant in more mundane regiments) or from hunting on horseback whenever possible.

Hunting has always been very important to the Blues and Royals. In the 19th century, the golden age of cavalry, it was virtually compulsory for officers, the belief being that riding hell for leather over high fences and deep ditches in pursuit of foxes was excellent training for charging the Russians in the Crimea. The Royal Dragoons and the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues and Royals are a recent amalgamation of these) are still able to muster 15 masters of foxhounds among their members. When the regiment is in England it has no problems finding suitable sport. "In 1968," said Captain Stringer, "we were hunting merrily away twice a week—with the Beaufort."

That was fox hunting, of course, which is forbidden in West Germany. In fact, no hunting (in the British sense) of wild game has been allowed there since the *Bundesrepublik* was formed in 1955. Before that, British occupation troops organized fox hunts, but they were not much fun, Stringer said. "The foxes just sat and looked at you. They didn't know what was happening. Half the bloody things were rabid anyway, old boy."

"So when we came over this time, we just sat in the mess thinking what were we going to do in the winter-time. There were draghounds of course, things that hunted trails of amoose or fox urine. But we really didn't fancy that sort of thing. Then, luckily, we heard about bloodhounds."

As readers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are aware, hunting a human quarry with bloodhounds is a practice hallowed by time. And it would seem to be undergoing something of a revival. Presently three or four packs, besides the Weser Vale Hunt in West Germany, are enjoying the sport. It is frowned on to call it anything as crude as man-hunting, though. The proper expression is "hunting from the clean boot." The pastime in its modern form was begun by a man in Derbyshire, England named Eric Furness, who imported a strain of bloodhounds from the United States, the descendants of hounds, it is said, that

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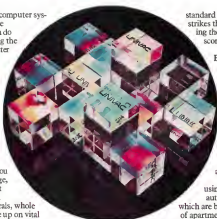
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were used to track down runaway slaves in the South.

Oddly—and this is something which has horrified bloodhound followers, most of whom hunt live game as well—the anti-blood-sports lobby has eagerly championed this new activity, pointing out that it is a perfect, bloodless substitute for real hunting, with all the thrills of the chase but with no killing involved.

We must be honest right away. Although it's called "a kill aboveground," the bloodhounds do not actually attack the human quarry when they catch up with him, at least not so long as he turns and faces them, rewarding their warm, wet face-lickings with sweet biscuits. Only if he turns and runs do the hounds start taking the pursuit in dead earnest. There can be trouble then.

The Blues and Royals have had no quarry problems yet, though they once used a corporal who, hearing the deep, meaningful baying almost at his heels, forgot that it was just a game and hauled himself rapidly to the top of a pine tree. Another trooper during the course of a hunt discovered that a wild boar, common in this part of Germany, was moving along ahead of the pack and was doing some determined tracking of the quarry on his own ac-

count. This trooper, potentially the first victim of the new sport, managed to lose the boar in deep brush.

Now in the Blues and Royals mess, encouraged by a lot of postbreakfast sherry, I had a masochistic impulse. "Could I be the quarry?" I asked the masters of the Weser Vale Hunt. They looked at each other smilingly. Clearly, this question had been put to them before.

"Not really," Captain Stringer told me judiciously. "We have a trooper already briefed. And he knows the countryside. Better have another sherry and come out to see the hounds. Besides, if you act as quarry you'll miss the meet. Lunch, drinks and so forth." It was beginning to seem to me possible that manhunting, like some other sports in which I have been involved, was a mere excuse for what preceded and followed it.

Sometime—perhaps quite a long time—later we drove past such irrelevancies as squadrons of Chieftain tanks to a long, low building from which came a whiff of warm straw, rich animal aromas and neighings and bayings that told me we were now at the hub of the camp. Once inside, Captain Stringer robed himself in a long, blue kennel coat, like a priest preparing himself for a ceremony, and

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handed me one, too. A clean, well-lit place, as someone once said. Grooms were doing whatever it is they do to horses to make them that shiny black color. The latter had names like Caesar and Romulus, and they were clearly serious horses, not riding school stuff.

"Where are the dogs?" I asked.

"The hounds," said Captain Stringer, a little pained, "are down at the end." So they were, in three barred compartments. It was my first sight of bloodhounds outside horrific illustrations in boys' comic books. One enormous beast in particular, black-jowled and panting, gave me an evil stare with red eyes and shambled up to the bars, growling throatily. I backed off.

"Seems to have taken a fancy to you," Captain Stringer said heartily. "That's poor old Snoopy, that is." The great lugubrious face shoved itself forward to be rubbed. "Poor old Snoopy," Stringer went on, obliging him. "Dozy old thing. He's just a passenger here. Never hunt him, of course. Household pet. Belongs to a Mrs. Forsyte, husband's in the U.S. Air Force in Frankfurt. No room to keep him in their apartment, so he's just here for the company. Too old to train now."

I said goodbye to Snoopy and met Barrister, Theorem, Doubtful, Destiny, Dainty, Charity and Chary. "Picked them up all over the place," said Stringer. "We saw the first one advertised in *Horse and Hound*. 'Bloodhound to be given away to working pack.' Well, we didn't have a pack but drove down to see this Mrs. Seymour. Wife of Colonel Seymour of the Scots Guards. She showed us this great big hound, gave us an enormous lunch and then she made us run up and down over the hillsides after this wretched animal. Just after we'd finished up the post, too. A trying afternoon. But we got the hound for nothing."

"Usually they cost around £50 [\$120] at 8 weeks old, so we were lucky again when Eric Furness gave us a couple, Barrister and Theorem—that's the one with the big ears—and we had quite a lot of fun going cross-country, chasing one or two people we knew with them. We got quite good at it. Then we thought we'd try mating Barrister with a foxhound to get a bit more speed. I knew a man called Willie Poole, he's master of the Wilton foxhounds, so I went and saw Willie and he said, 'Yes, I've got one here that will hunt any bloody thing, you can take her away, her name's Saintry, just the job for you.'"

Reynolds



But she wouldn't have anything to do with the bloodhounds, so we drafted her to a German droghound pack. We finally got seven more from the North Warwickshire and the Peak bloodhounds and then Frederik Majore, master of the Ralley ma jow in Holland, gave us a half-breed as well, and that's how we got going."

It was time for us to get going, too. The meet would take place, Captain Stringer told me, at the *Schlöss* of Baron von der Borch.

"How did the Germans react to the hunt?" I asked him.

"The Germans adore our bloodhounds," he told me. "Helped the regiment no end, and now lots of the local gentry are fighting to have us round to their houses for our meets. It's the smart thing to have the Weser Vale on your lawn. They were a bit dubious at first, of course, when one of us banged on the door and started talking in stilted German about *Blutwunde* and *Soldaten*." Captain Stringer excused himself to change for the hunt. It was two good sherries later before he reappeared, resplendent in white stock, white breeches, shining black top boots, gold-

buttoned scarlet jacket over his arm (only one must never call it "scarlet"; "pink" is the word). Other officers wandered in. Whips, black velvet caps, spurs were in evidence. The Weser Vale were certainly great on detail.

We drifted out in leisurely style to the cars. We planned to reach the *Schlöss* at Holzhausen in good time—at noon, for a 2:15 start. It was clearer than ever that the man-hunting bit was merely the sugar on the strudel. And there was going to be lots of strudel.

At the barrack gate sentries slammed to attention and we drove out into a Germany glittering in the sunlight, through villages with musical-comedy inns, past small fields green with cabbages. And then, quite soon, we were into man-hunting country, as the hills of the Teutoburger Wald closed in on us.

On the highest of them, taller than the highest pine, was silhouetted a triumphant, gigantic bronze statue. The Blues and Royals tell the story that in 1936, when Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring visited Detmold in considerable style, he informed the townspeople that it was a very kind thought but, really, they should not have bothered. Nobody told him that the figure stood there to commemorate the great victory of Arminius, the Germanic tribal leader, over the Roman legions of Augustus. "There he is," said Captain Stringer. "Hermann the German. Full of bullet holes. The R.A.F. used to shoot him up regularly on the way home." The British seemed to impugn a great deal on the life of Detmold and the district.

Thirty more kilometers of witches' and woodcutters' country and we were in Holzhausen. In the shade of elms stood the *Schlöss*, gently neoclassical, a Palladian arch framing the double doors where the Baron and Baronin von der Borch stood to welcome us. A cobblestoned yard, half-umbered 16th-century barns around it and doves flying across a blue Westphalian sky.

A shimmering new 4.2-liter Jaguar swung into the courtyard. Another man-hunter of the Blues and Royals and his elegant Austrian wife, with lunch and long cool bottles of Austrian Riesling from the wifely vineyard. As racy cars

continued to arrive, decanting officers and their ladies (jodhpurs and severe hairstyles), we ate spiced ham, salad with sour cream and fresh rolls. And drank Riesling. The horses arrived and presently were unbowed by grooms. My ears buzzing slightly, I tried to decide my role in all this. One thing was certain: I was not getting on any horse. I put my problem to Captain Stringer.

"Corporal of Horse Burton-Johnson will take you in the Land Rover," he told me. In the Blues and Royals even the noncommen-

continued



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sioned ranks have double-barreled names. "He'll take you to the various vantage points, and you can watch it all. Oh, good!" he said, looking over my shoulder. "Here come the drinks!"

In cold, frosty Decembers in England, when the hunt meets early in the morning, the tradition of the stirrup cup has developed, a warming mug drunk when the sportsmen are in the saddle. This tradition, somewhat superfluously it would seem, is continued in the mild midday in northern Germany. It brings to mind the Empire years, when district commissioners dressed for lonely dinners in black bow ties and jackets in the steamy jungles.

The truck containing the stirrup cups had arrived, and troopers busily burrowed into the back of it, emerging with silver trays, glasses, bottles. The trays, silently borne by uniformed soldiers, moved among the hunt and its guests. Aware that the buzzing in my ears seemed to have increased, I took what looked like an innocuous goblet of red wine. It was not. It was a brimming measure of cherry brandy. I looked for a horse to hide it behind.

The stirrup cup ceremony went on for some time. We were joined by German guests and by the daughter of the baron. Other, lesser, Germans looked in on us from the gateway.

"Ready then, sir?" Corporal of Horse Burton-Johnson asked me. "Better be on our way before the hunt starts. Give ourselves the chance to get up to the top of the hill and watch them find."

The only thing I was really ready for was a long siesta, but I clambered into the austere bench seat of the Land Rover. As we drove out of the Schloss gates we could see a small towheaded figure in khaki loping through the fields ahead. "That's the quarry, sir," said the corporal of horse. I was glad now that my own services had been turned down. I'd have missed the meet, wouldn't I?

We left the road and started bouncing through a stubble field. "Hope you have plenty of whiskey and cigarettes, sir," said Burton-Johnson. I couldn't tell if he was joking or not, but I silently offered my crumpled Gauloises packet. "Prefer my own, sir," he said, taking a quick look.

My driver was a keen follower of the hunt. "You will see the hounds work today, sir. They'll lay on till they hit the line, then they'll hunt him. Now, like today, it's very dry. Hardly any scent. But they'll get down to it, sniff, sniff, sniff. They'll go off one way, then come back, then go off again. Bloodhounds are great individuals, sir, not like your foxhounds. Once a foxhound picks up the scent, the others will come roaring after him. But every bloodhound has to work it out for himself, and he won't go until he's picked up his own trail."

We crashed on up the hillside, past a bewildered German on a tractor. I looked around and realized we were not alone. Maybe 20 vehicles, a motley caravan, were fol-

lowing us across the field, each one crammed with hunt followers. "We'll lose some of them in a minute, sir," said my driver, complacently showing the Land Rover into four-wheel drive. But most of them were still with us when we reached the hilltop and scrambled out.

From the vantage point I could see the quarry, flushed and sweating, jog up the hill. "Does it every Saturday, sir," said Burton-Johnson, looking at him despondently. "Must like it, I suppose." The corporal of horse turned his gaze, peered far away into the distance, toward the gray mass of the Schloss, the ribbon of road and the fields and copses around it. "There they are, sir!" he suddenly shouted.

I could see the hounds working, dark blurs in the heat haze, moving liquidly over the grass. Then the pink coats of the huntsmen 50 yards behind them; then, farther back again, the black-coated riders that made up the field. Sinuously the hounds poured into the next meadow, then stopped and quested round uncertainly. One of them, too far away for me to identify, spoke and moved off again (hounds always speak, one must remember; only dogs bark). The others, taking no notice of him, milled around individually, then one by one followed his track. Suddenly the wind was full of their deep baying. I was aware of my heart beating faster, responding in some primitive way to the hounds' music and the faint squeal of hunting horns blowing the Gower Away!

"This way, sir," said Burton-Johnson. "We'll lose them in the woods in a minute, but if we get over the far side we'll see the kill!"

Now, though vicariously, I began to feel that I was part of the hunt, scrambling along the edge of a plowed field while Burton-Johnson opened up a big lead. It was just a fast 300 yards really, but it made me glad I had missed that last cherry brandy. Breathing hard, I caught up with Burton-Johnson, who was waiting in a small copse. Waiting there also was the quarry. There would be no kill aboveground: he had made it. The hunt would just have the satisfaction of finding the trail.

"Keep back from him, sir," said Burton-Johnson, as if the man had some infectious disease. "Don't want to confuse the hounds, do we, sir?" No, and I didn't want to be killed aboveground if there was any confusion.

The baying came up the valley below us, getting nearer. A low hedge ran the length of the hillside, and suddenly at the foot of it the pack was in view, a cañon of deep bell-voices issuing from them as they streamed up the hill. Behind, head-on, thundering in pursuit, came Captain Stringer astride his black hunter, hallooing away. Then two more pink coats, and away behind them, straggling over 500 yards, all the rest of the field.

The quarry stood perfectly still now, on the far side of the trees from the hounds. Then they were through the gap and into the clearing. But they ignored the quarry al-

continued



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FAIR GAME continued

together. "What's wrong?" I asked Burton-Johnson.

"They're bloodhounds, sir," he told me patiently, as if explaining to a child. "They can't see very well. They hunt by scent." Before stopping, the quarry had run a couple of circles round the clearing, and Charity and Doubtful and the others dutifully circled also, until they almost fell over him. Then they were all over him, smothering him with big, wet bloodhound kisses. Stringer and Wilkinson came whooping up and, hunting horns to lips, Stringer blew the triumphant notes of the kill.

And that seemed to be that.

But not quite. Back at the Schloss it was naturally time for another drink. This was the end-of-hunt, or pre-sea, reviver, taken while the horses were re-bored and the hounds spirited away by the kennelmen.

"Damn good ride across country," Captain Stringer told me. "You ought to take it up!"

I told him I wasn't fit enough. He thought I meant the riding, but it was the before-and-after ritual I had in mind. Now there came a welcome break. In the great drawing room of the Schloss the baronin, who was obviously something of an Anglophile, served cups of tea and almond cake.

There beneath 18th-century etchings of the Garden of Eden our fashionable throng mingled, and Captain Stringer nibbled and sipped and explained it all to the baronin.

"It's the nearest thing you can get to hunting live game, you see," he declared. "A drag hunt is nothing. You put a damnable strong smell on the ground, you set hounds on it and, whoosh, it's all over. With bloodhounds, however, you can have a superb day. And there can be even an element of danger, riding across country, working somebody."

Clearly, he did not mean that the quarry was in danger. I reached across for another almond cake. I needed all the sustenance I could get. Horses and hounds were lucky: through the darkness they were speeding to the warm, secure stables. For me the long rigors of the night still lay ahead.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO MORE ON THE RANGE

Sirs:

Thank you for Jack Olsen's superb article *The Possession of the West* (March 8 et seq.). It is nearly beyond belief that today, after years of painful lessons supposedly learned from past slaughters under the label of predator control, we still have men who advocate and practice the destruction of wildlife for immediate economic gain, with no thought given to long-term ecological effects or to the immediate good bestowed upon man by feral wildlife or to the morality of such actions.

If Edwin Marsh's thinking is representative of the membership of the National Wool Growers Association and of the powerful sheepmen's lobby in Washington, perhaps we should be boycotting products made of American-raised wool. Each year more land is turned to dust by overgrazing in areas where sheep do not belong. If we allow foolish men to destroy innocent wildlife, we shall gain nothing. And when the plant life has been destroyed by the sheep, the range sheep industry will die, too.

GERALD SORUMIAN

Millbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your fine article points out once again the difficulty in reaching firm conclusions about ecological issues. Jack Olsen paints a vivid picture of poisoning villains, yet the rebuttals say it just isn't so. In my opinion, you have presented one more example of our ability to trade off natural resources in the name of economic advancement. When do we reach the point of diminishing returns where a gain in the standard of living becomes a loss in the standard of life? It is sad that we do not feel more of a sense of revulsion and rage at what is happening in our land for the sake of progress. America the beautiful? Hmm.

TIMOTHY R. WRIGHT

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

The very fact that the stockmen can afford to pay high prices for pilots to spread their lands with poison illustrates that the loss of a few animals to predators would not hurt them financially. More important than the stockmen's financial profit or loss situation is the fact that they are literally stealing from the American public (with the ever-faithful help of Congress, of course).

ANN PRATTENBERGER

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

Until I read Jack Olsen's article I held the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in very

high esteem. I understand the problems in this situation brought forth by Jack Berryman, chief of Wildlife Services, but it still seems incredible to me that the Government can go on using poisons for predator control in light of the increasing volume of literature showing the dangers of the supposedly safe poisons not only to wildlife but to man.

As for the practices of some of the sheepmen, I have nothing but contempt. I could not fail to note the enlightened attitude of many members of this industry, but I am becoming increasingly angry and filled with dismay at the ignorant savagery of some. Won't we ever learn?

JON A. HAWKINSON

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

The article made my stomach turn and it made me cry. But most of all, it made me want to do something about the situation. I wrote to my Congressman.

One hope for the survival (or should it be revival?) of our ecological balance lies in the passage of appropriate legislation dealing not only with poison control but with all facets of man's chemical assault on nature, and the legislation must be followed by proper enforcement. This step can be encouraged if all concerned persons make their feelings known as loudly and as vehemently as do the sheepmen through their lobbies. I hope all who read the article and felt outraged will write to their state and national officials.

PATRICIA MARTIN

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Thank you for an informative and much needed article. Many people out here don't realize what is happening because too often the only information available is an advertisement for bounties on coyotes.

Because of this lack of information and also because of the relatively clear skies, clean water and general lack of "city problems," too many Westerners are typical of your sheepmen. "Why should we worry about pollution?" they ask. "We don't have any." We're working on it, though.

JERI NIMALK

Buffalo, Wyo.

JACK'S DAY

Sirs:

That was a splendid article on Jack Nicklaus' PGA victory (*Dominance of the Swallow Bear*, March 8) by your consummate golf writer and resident court jester, Dan Jenkins. How can anyone doubt that Nicklaus is the greatest active golfer—and maybe

the best of all time—now that he has won each of the four major pro tournaments for the second time? The fact that he is the only golfer who is even seriously given a chance of pulling off a Grand Slam—winning all four in the same year—attests to his greatness.

FRED BURGER

Athens, Ga.

WARMUP

Sirs:

Way to go, Sl and Shedy & Long. Congratulations on the fine photograph of Ernie Banks (*Yogi-I-O-Ki-A*, *Spring Again*, March 8). Even though it's only spring training—and the shot shows mostly his back—anytime you can see any part of Mr. Cub it's a real treat. Cubs all the way in '71!

BREVE M. LEVER

Normal, Ill.

CELEBRITY GAME

Sirs:

After reading Deborah Huber's article on tennis in Hollywood (*Hollywood Tennis: Lovers Seeker*, March 8), I hope that in the future you will not waste your time and effort reporting on such jet-set, ego-trip-oriented celebrities. You have insulted your readers by reporting on what superstatus-conscious people like Joanna Orgeri do with their leisure time.

ANDY CORBIN

Greenbelt, Md.

Sirs:

As a veteran of the Hollywood tennis wars (I used to live there), I thank you for the amusing article. It was punchy, funny and oh so true. Let's have more.

THERESA MARTIN

New York City

THE DUNK

Sirs:

Concerning the collegiate dunk controversy (*Score Card*, March 1), I think that the rule makers missed a simple solution that would have protected boards and bodies without eliminating basketball's home run.

At the time of the anti-stuff ruling, there already existed a longstanding rule which, among other things, made touching the basket and its superstructure illegal. The dangers of the dunk are that players often end their stuff shots with both hands grasping the rim, sometimes beaking the entire basket structure, or they try to protect their shots from defenders by laying their wrists on the rim before releasing the ball. Less emotional, more objective analysis of the situation on the part of the NCAA would

continued

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light aromatic
aromatic



19TH HOLE (continued)

have shown that this abuse of the shot, rather than the spectacular stuff itself, is what should have been regulated against.

If dunking were to be allowed and the goaltending rule enforced, the stuff might lose its advantage in crowded situations under the basket, but on breakaways and free layups the fans could be treated to what is obviously their favorite play.

RESULTS

Bellevue, Wash.

5916

Without debating whether the dunk shot is good or bad, let me remind you that the reason for stopping it was not injuries or the advantage to taller players or smashed-up equipment. The real reason can be stated in just two words—Lew Alcindor Rule: made to neutralize a single individual rarely stand the test of time.

FRESH DUES

Redlands, Calif.

TRUE COPY

Sirc

I would like to correct a bad impression created by your Feb. 22 **SCURFARD** item, "To Cook a Coot." The coot of California is the true coot and not to be confused with the "coot" of Van Campen Hediner, which was actually the scoter.

The scoter subsists largely on animal life while the coot is a vegetarian with food habits much the same as the canvasback and baldpate, highly acceptable ducks. Just last night I had broiled coot breasts under bacon strips. Delicious! Those bad jokes have kept a lot of hunters from even trying a meal of true coos.

R. V. Schweigert

Pierre, S. Dalk

REFLECT FEATHERS

Sims

A letter from Rudy Alvarado of Santa Ana, Calif. (19th Month, March 1) stated that Jim Phelan had played 10 times tougher opponents than did Archie Manning. He also referred to Archie's opposition as "Puff State and the like." Since Mr. Alvarado failed to cite any examples of these puffs, let me do it for him: LSU, Alabama, Auburn, Georgia and Tennessee. Over the years these teams consistently have had good, strong, winning football teams. And Archie defeated another "puff" in the 1970 Sugar Bowl—Arkansas. How about it, Mr. Alvarado? Let's use the word "ruff" instead of "puff" in reference to Mississippi's schedule.

WILLIAMS, L. & J. J. 1994.

Deetham, Ala

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Question:

If our Coronet wagons have the style, the space, and the features you want, why pay more?

For those with whom price is no object, boy, can you buy a dandy station wagon today. Big as a house, with a V8 whose power is exceeded only by its appetite. But how about the rest of us? Will we be forced to jam our plywood edgeways between the wheelhousings? To sit in a slightly stooped position with our knees under our chin, a constant irritating reminder that we just can't afford the green to go first class? And why doesn't somebody build a family-sized, plywood-panel-sized, great-looking wagon right in between the too smalls and the too expensive?

Boy, would a wagon like that be a buy. And here it is: Dodge Coronet. What is it? Great-looking. Sized and priced right in the gap. Plywood, it holds flat; headroom and legroom you get, with features that rival those of the biggies. And a price that gives your budget a little breathing room.

A few words about value.

A great wagon has to be both a great family car and a versatile utility vehicle. Here are some thoughtful Coronet features:

- A cargo area that holds four-by-eight plywood panels flat
- A two-way tailgate that opens like



a door without your rolling the window down

- Convenient side storage areas in the rear
- An optional rear window cleaning vane that really works
- Choice of two- or three-seat models

A few words about features.

Coronet gives you a wide choice in the amount of richness you get—from the fully carpeted, simulated wood-sided Crestwood shown above to the more utilitarian standard models



Only the trim is changed. All models include:

- Fully unitized body construction for greater strength and a quiet ride
- Adjustable torsion-bar suspension that offers greater handling ease and stability on curves and over rough roads
- A low emission 318 V8 that runs on regular gas, either low or no lead gas
- A list of standard safety features more than twenty items long including a dual braking system, padded instrument panel and sun visor, and Safety-Action inside door handles

A few words about how much you should pay for what you want!

You can find wagons priced a lot higher than a Coronet that really don't give you that much more. Rest assured that Coronet offers all the room, ride and comfort that a going, growing group like yours is ever likely to need. And then some. Visit your nearby Dodge Boys and try one on for size. Try one on your budget for savings. Dodge Coronet. The great looking wagon priced right in between the too smalls and the too expensive. Right on, Dodge.

Dodge Coronet. How's that for a thoughtful answer, wagon lovers?